



David P. Mapes.

HISTORY
OF THE
CITY OF RIPON,

AND OF ITS FOUNDER,

DAVID P. MAPES

WITH HIS OPINION OF

Men and Manners of the Day.

MILWAUKEE:
CRAMER, AIKENS & CRAMER, PUBLISHERS AND PRINTERS,
1873.

F

1

201

1160

'01

201

201

TO MY FRIENDS

IN RIPON,

THIS BOOK IS MOST

RESPECTFULLY DEDICATED

BY

THE AUTHOR.

PREFACE.

In writing this history of myself and of the towns I have aided in building, I have frequently been asked to write it out and get it into book form, so if there is anything in my long life and experience worth keeping on the shelves of the book-case or taking down and reading, here it is; and you who have had my acquaintance will see that the book is the Old Captain right over. I have not attempted to show the scholar or the statesman, but simply to give a true history of myself, and times as I have seen them, for I have learned that they who attempt to pass themselves off for something they are not, are discovered at once by the discriminating public.

I once heard the celebrated clergyman, Orvil Dewey, preach, in the city of New York, a sermon from the text "Truth," and he showed most clearly that in all our acts of life we must be truthful or the world would see that we had not the truth in our souls; even the mere child will detect the putting on of airs. So here it is as thoughts have come to me and I have penned them, and you, critics, take it and deal gently with the old man, for such now they call me, if I do feel young. I have written this without gloves, for I meant it should come bare-handed if the hand may appear.

CONTENTS.

CHAPTER I.—MY OWN HISTORY,	9
CHAPTER II.—THE WEST,	29
CHAPTER III.—STEAMBOATING,	43
CHAPTER IV.—FOUNDING OF RIPON,	66
CHAPTER V.—CERESCO,	83
CHAPTER VI.—FIRST EPISCOPAL CHURCH—FARMING,	96
CHAPTER VIII.—MY SPEECH AT THE PIONEER FESTIVAL,	132
CHAPTER IX.—DEATH OF MY WIFE,	160
CHAPTER X.—TRAVELING FOR THE MERCHANT'S ASSOCI-	
TION,	177
WINNECONNE,	204
CHAPTER XI.—MY OPINION OF MYSELF,	215
CHAPTER XII.—FREEMASONRY,	230
CHAPTER XIII.—ADVICE TO YOUNG MEN,	233
CHAPTER XIV.—CONCLUSION,	239
RIPON COLLEGE,	243
DEDICATION,	277

ILLUSTRATIONS.

FRONTISPIECE—Capt. David P. Mapes.

WOODS HOTEL, 225

RIPON COLLEGE, 243



HISTORY

OF THE

CITY OF RIPON.

CHAPTER I.

MY OWN HISTORY.

It is difficult for a man to speak long of himself without vanity or incurring the charge of egotism. It might be thought an instance of vanity that I at all pretend to write my life; but this narrative shall contain nothing set down in malice and not a word but facts as they have occurred through the life and times of the three-quarters of a century that I have lived.

I was born on the 10th of January, 1798, on the banks of the Hudson, in the little town of Coxsackie, State of New York. My father and mother were of English origin, and had moved from Long Island, New York, and settled at that

place some time before the date of my birth. My father at this time built a hotel, known as the Elm Tree House, directly under the wide-spreading branches of one of the most noble elms that grew in that region, and in the top, amongst its branches, he built a summer-house. It became a place of great resort, and those buildings are amongst my earliest recollections. He had also a sloop to run from that place to New York city, for in those days a steamboat had never made its appearance on those beautiful waters.

My father's family consisted of four children—two sons and two daughters—with my brother the eldest and myself the youngest. My brother was a mute with all his faculties bright but that of hearing, and this made him the more endeared to the family; of him I shall make frequent mention through this narrative.

This mute brother used to go with his father to the city, and when he returned to his home he had much to tell the Cocksackie boys of what he saw in the city of New York. He saw the city boys go in bathing, saw them plunge into the river and swim out, and as he had not yet learned to swim, he did not know but that he could swim as well as he could walk, but when he attempted to

show the Cocksackie boys how it was done in New York, he would have been drowned had he not been rescued. By constant practice he soon learned to swim and became an expert, as he did in all boyish sports. He was a pet and favorite with the boys of the place.

My mother died when I was about six years old, and my father—as most fathers do—gave to his children that much abused being, a step-mother; but I, having been left without an own mother, have to say, in justice to two step-mothers, that they were kind to me and appeared to love me as a child, but I could not compare them with my own mother, for it is little we recollect before six years of age. I remember going to the funeral of my mother, and that is the most I recollect about her. My sisters had many complaints to make against the step-mothers, for they (the step-mothers) had daughters of their own that did not so well agree. The treatment which I received from my step-mothers I always ascribed to my own facility of making them love me, and here again is egotism.

My father was unfortunate in his business as merchant, hotel keeper and sloop owner. The long sickness of my consumptive mother had

exhausted his means, so he went into the woods west of Coxsackie the then great distance of seven miles and bought mills and commenced the lumbering business. This brings me up to twelve years of age. I had to take charge of teams and draw the lumber to the Hudson River and sell it; in the winter I attended school, and finally graduated in the log school-house, the teacher of which boarded around and had to take most of his pay in the ashes burned in the school-house. The teacher was a great man in his way. He was not great in mathematics; he used to say, "Get a boy as far as the Rule of Three and he was fit for any business," but he did not believe in vulgar fractions and did not want to bother the boys' heads with them. It was hinted that the Rule of Three was as far as he could go, so the rest of my early education was picked up from guide-boards and sign-posts.

The family battled on with the world until the war of 1812, when I was a lad of fourteen years but was small for my age. I wanted to get into the army, but was too young. I was enthusiastic in our cause and country, but my father was in in politics a Federalist, and I, a Democrat, could not see how he could be opposed to the war as it

was our war against the British. I gloried in the success of our troops, and read of all the battles, but my father kept on saying it was an unnecessary war. From experience I have learned that a war party is the popular party. Young man, never oppose a war. If your country engages in one you have only to help fight it out. Be it ever so unjust, the party in power has so many positions to confer that they will win. The proof of this you have at this date. The Democratic party that was charged with opposition to the war of the rebellion was unsuccessful in its elections, and notwithstanding the aid of some of the best men from the Republican party, called Liberals, it was a failure. So the war party is *the* party.

About the year 1816, my father sold out his lumbering establishment and took his two sons—that is, myself and mute brother, called Harry—and started, in a covered wagon, to emigrate to the West. The West, at that time, was the western part of New York and Ohio. The point which he had fixed upon in his mind was out to the lakes, that was meant to be the paradise of the immigrant, but we brought up between Cayuga and Seneca Lakes, and a lovely place it was. My

father purchased a new farm and set us at work clearing it, while he went back to bring the step-mother and other effects. We boarded with a good Christian woman, whose husband was a boatman down the lakes and the Mohawk River. My father was a good praying man, and he and our landlady would have their prayers every alternate night. My father was what was called gifted in prayer, but I think our landlady was a little ahead of him. When my father was gone after his wife the landlady dispensed with praying, as my brother was deaf and could not hear them, and she must have thought that I was quite good enough without her prayers. In due time my father returned to the house which we had prepared, and we all worked with a will to make a home for the family. My sisters had married and were away. But for all of our labor we got nothing but a wasted strength, for the title to the farm we had bought and almost paid for was not good, and we lost all. My father was discouraged, and resolved to gather the fragments and return to the land of his boyhood on Long Island. While working to clear the farm and make a home, I had overworked myself, and had to leave farming and go to a select school, where I learned to go beyond the Rule of

Three which my first teacher thought was as far as a boy need go in mathematics. I had arrived at the age to see the need of more schooling, and applied myself industriously to my studies, progressing so well that I took a school to teach, and in this I found I was beaten. Reader, did you ever keep school? If you have, you know something of its difficulties. To be cooped up with a house full of little stupid urchins, and working away at them, and seeing the slow progress if any you make with them, is discouraging, and it discouraged me. So I told the trustees, when my term was half out, that if they would let me off I would call it square, and they did. I had boarded around and made the acquaintance of my patrons of the district, and it has left many pleasant recollections outside of the school-house.

My father and family had gone back to Long Island and left me to rough it with the world alone, but he proposed to me to go and study for a physician with a cousin I had in Jefferson County, New York, but I did not think well of that at first, for I thought I was better adapted to the commercial world than to the world of physic. Having had an offer to go into a small grocery business with a young man, whose sister

he thought would do to keep house for us, I made up my mind to take that course; whether the sister had anything to do with my choice of calling, those who are acquainted with human nature may judge. I entered the business with the determination to become a merchant, but with all my labor and application to business I found that the young man was not a fit partner for me, for I had been taught to abhor gambling, and he would get his crony in a back room and play at games for half or more of the night, thinking that the company of his sister would compensate me for his absence from business, but it did not. I began to waver in my choice, and leaned toward physic. I proposed to the young man to let met withdraw, but he said that his sister would not consent to have me depart just then, so I resolved to leave, consent or no consent, and one moonlight night, having taken an account of stock and ascertained that I could take a portion of what would be my share, while my partner was engaged in his game of cards and the loved sister was asleep in her couch, I took the only boat on that side of Cayuga Lake—and that belonged to the firm—and pulled out into the calm lake, notwithstanding it was midwinter. The lake at this point was about

three miles wide, and is seldom frozen over. I had left everything behind but a very small amount of money and some clothes packed in a little valise. Early in the morning I landed on the east side of the lake among strangers and set the boat adrift, hoping that it might return and do some one good ; at least I had no further use for it. When daylight came I could look back across that beautiful lake, but felt no regret. I had no debts against me, but I did not know but that the housekeeper was somewhat anxious that I should return as a partner for her brother or herself, but I had never made any promise in that direction, and here let me say that I have never, in my long life, made a promise to the other sex that I have not most religiously kept, and let me say to you, young man, never make a promise unless you mean to keep it to the word. When I got upon the main road leading from Ithica to Auburn, I looked back over the straight road for miles and saw a sleigh approaching ; waiting for it to come up, as I was very tired, I found that it was going directly on my route to Jefferson County, New York, and my prospects began to brighten. In passing from Auburn to where now stands the city of Syracuse, there was only a lone public house,

which I found many years after standing on the north side of the canal, which was not built at that time, 1817. I have since seen a beautiful city where the old hotel stood fifty-six years ago. From thence I went to the city of Adams, where I found my cousins, the Drs. Ely, and with them I made arrangements to enter upon the study of physic. I loaned my cash capital, which amounted to twenty dollars, with the stipulation that it should be repaid to me on call if I should get sick of the profession, which I did in about three months, but when I called for my capital it was a hard matter to raise the amount in cash, for the country was new and all that the settlers had to sell to raise money was black salts, as it was called, and the Doctor proposed to pay half in cash and the remainder in a tin trunk and an assortment of essences. This took me all aback, as I had an early hatred of essence peddlars, and to think of starting out with a tin trunk in hand was revolting. But I had to be humbled, as he could do no better, and the ten dollars in cash would not take me to Delaware County, New York, where my sisters had married and settled—one of them to a Mr. Barlow, who was a successful merchant there, and who had offered

me a clerkship. This was in the spring of 1818. I started out from the village of Adams with my ten dollars in cash and ten dollars in essence in the latter part of April, 1818. At Adams the snow had disappeared, and it looked quite pleasant, but I had not gone far upon the road to Utica when, crossing the high grounds of Red-field, I found the snow of great depth, but partly gone, and the traveling bad; still I trudged on, tin trunk in hand, feeling small indeed. The country was new and the inhabitants looked rude and rough, and I, a lad of twenty years, was fearful lest I should be robbed of my ten dollars—the essence I could willingly spare, as it was humbling my pride every step I took. I first brought up at a log tavern, about which a large crowd of hard-looking strangers had gathered. I found it was what they called a raffle for a watch, and one of the crowd said to me, “Stranger, we are raffling for a silver watch, fifty cents a shake; come, put in half a dollar and that will make up the amount for the watch.” I gave him the half dollar and was called in to dinner. While I was eating, one of the company came to the door and said, “Stranger, it is your shake, we have all had ours.” I told him he might shake for me, and in a moment or

two I heard a loud shout of laughter, and he again entered the room and handing me the watch said, "Your shake beat us all." I paid for my dinner and a lot of whisky with which to treat the crowd, and when I left the tavern they gave me three cheers. My expenses were one dollar for my dinner and the shake, but I still had my whole stock of essence, for into every tavern which I entered I found that a peddler had preceded me with some tin cases filled with vials of all kinds of essences, and those tin cases appeared to me in every bar-room I entered, and saved me the trouble of asking if they wanted to buy any essence. I arrived safely in Delaware County without once drawing upon my stock of essences, and I think the tin trunk could be found somewhere in Roxbury, for I put it out of sight. Some of its contents were given to my sisters' babies to relieve them of stomach-ache—we, fifty years ago, called it the *belly-ache*, but that is now considered vulgar.

I was twenty years of age when I arrived at my sister's in Roxbury, Delaware County, and, as they would not allow me to leave them again, I engaged myself to my brother-in-law to work in the store, and on the farm in good weather. In

the night and on rainy days I tended the store and slept in a bunk under the counter. The evenings were passed in dealing out whisky and groceries to the customers, and listening to their discussions, which at times were learned and interesting, and posting up the books. In this way I served my employer for two years, and the second year he increased my wages from ninety-six dollars per annum to one hundred dollars. He was a thorough business man, and from him I learned many things relating to success in business, but he died in the prime of life. After serving two years I was admitted as partner with an equal share in the business, in which I invested one-half of my earnings of the previous years, which amounted to one hundred dollars. This you will perhaps think showed me to be rather a prudent young man, it would be so considered in 1873, but that is the way we had to begin life—with labor and frugality. Then there were no Credit Mobiliers, and no opportunities of the kind; the world moved slowly, the sun rose and set then just as it does now, but the men and women were not as fast then as now. But think it not strange that the world has existed from all eternity to the present century in that old foggy way. What else can

you expect from a race of men born at this time, with steamboats, telegraph and railroads to aid them; now we expect men to get suddenly rich. When I came here we had none of these aids, so do not be astonished when men count their millions as we did our hundreds.

After I had been in business with my brother-in-law one year he died, leaving me to continue the business and close up his affairs. He left his widow and two children in comfortable circumstances. I had now increased my capital from one hundred to one thousand dollars, and as this was quite a small capital to continue the business at that place—a credit business, I took a partner by the name of Morse, and conducted the business under the firm name of Mapes & Morse. About this time I thought it would be well to take a partner of another kind, and had been casting about among my acquaintances to select one for life. This sounds as though I could have had my choice, which again sounds like egotism, but the country merchant of the little village stands very high, and is too frequently sought after by the good mothers as a match for their daughters in preference to some more worthy son of a farmer. Young ladies, the custom of the country and times

is altogether wrong, and it should be changed. Let the ladies have the same right to make overtures and proposals to the gentlemen which custom grants unto the gentlemen of to-day, and not be compelled to wait until some worthy, diffident and bashful man makes his suit to them, and they are compelled, thinking that it will be the only offer they may have, to accept. No, the custom is all wrong. I would have the lady enjoy the privilege of looking about her, and, if rejected, trying again.

After I had selected the young lady whom I proposed to marry, and had obtained her consent, it was meet that I should obtain also the consent of her parents, and that was a great task for so modest a young man as I then was. About this time I dissolved partnership with Morse. The time approached when I must ask the consent of the girl's parents, and I was at a loss how to express myself, but I finally decided that point, and here it is. I said:

"Capt. Frisbee, your daughter Ruth and I are about to go into partnership, and we want the consent of yourself and wife."

"Well, sir, if you do not propose to continue your partnership longer than you did with Morse, you had better not go into it."

“Oh, Captain, I meant for life!”

And it was for life.

The arrangement was consummated, and time has revealed the choice to have been a good one. They say that I have been most fortunate in my selections through life, for, by heaven's decrees, I have twice been called upon to make a similar selection. Most of the happiness and sorrows of life grow out of the relationship of husband and wife. I was twenty-two years of age when I made the first choice, and from that marriage we had two sons and one daughter; the sons are, at this date, still living, and are at heads of families, but the daughter died when a babe, and her mother, with my consent, filled her place with a foster-daughter, who was a source of happiness to the family as long as she lived, for we all loved her—father, mother and brothers loved her as they would their own, her parents could not have loved her more strongly, and this convinced me that there is no such thing as natural affection, it all grows out of mutual dependance and cultivation.

From the time I was married until I was thirty years of age I continued in the business of selling goods, making potash and whisky, and running a grist mill and farm. I was the great man of the

town, and my extensive business had made me somewhat popular with the people. They had elected me Town Supervisor against my wish, and I was the youngest man on the board, for I was studying all the rules and sayings in regard to what constituted a good business man, and they were all adverse to taking any part in politics, and in those days a Supervisor was a stepping-stone to further promotion; I was also chosen one of Major General Preston's aids, with the rank of Major. This had a tendency to make me vain, and caused me to break through those business rules, for I began to think that I was a greater man than I thought I was, and hence I consented to be a candidate for office, and was always successful.

While I was in the Board of Supervisors party feeling ran high, and I had taken the Democratic side, as that was the war party. A discussion arose on the subject of equalization of taxes, the Democratic towns against the Federal towns. I had taken great pains to inform myself on the duties of my position, and went to work to defend our Democratic towns. I was not aware that I was making a speech until I had nearly concluded, when, happening to look around and seeing the court house filled with listeners to hear what I was

saying, for my voice had gone up with my feelings, I caught the sound of my own voice and it frightened me, and I sat down, for I was perfectly oblivious to all but my subject; I found that my friends had gone out during the debate and got the crowd to come in and hear young Mapes, as I was then called, give it to the old Federalists. From that day they offered me any position in the county.

About this time the presidential election was held, and General Jackson was the popular man. This was the time for the old Federalists to come over and join the popular side, and they improved it, for they were mostly all Jackson men. This was an easy road to the Democratic party, for the Jackson party was known as the Democratic party at that day, notwithstanding almost one-half of the old Federalists were in it.

At this time, 1819, General LaFayette and son returned to America. It was a great day with the American people, and they made every demonstration of gratitude. I well remember the occasion of his passing through the country, for I was at the city of Catskill on the Hudson River. The people thronged to see the man who had spent his fortune and time in aiding us and our cause,

and they showed and seemed to feel such an overflowing of gratitude to him as I have never seen before or since manifested by the American people. The streets were lined with the multitude, and spanned with beautiful arches, while the roadway was strewn with flowers, and ladies waved their handkerchiefs from the windows to the brave old General and his son, whom he had named George Washington after his much loved friend with whom he had fought during the war of the revolution. Congress gave to LaFayette a liberal amount in lands and other means at that time, and the whole people approved.

In the course of this history I shall have to record the unpleasant duty of sending three men to state prison. The first instance occurred in this way: There was a widow B—— who had two sons, the eldest of whom, when he became of age, thought that he could get on in the world faster than his father had done by the slow process of keeping a dairy of cows and making butter, so he conceived the idea of becoming a drover, and came to me in company with his cousin, who was in the business, for the purpose of having me indorse their note as they desired to purchase a drove of cattle. I did so, and they bought a

drove in the western part of the state and drove them eastward, stopping at their home on the way, and keeping them upon their farm for a few days. While at Roxbury, this J. B—— came down to my store, and, while about the store and tavern, contrived to reach into the bar of the latter and took about one hundred dollars. We soon missed the money, as we frequently passed from the store to the house, and had the company searched, but he had hidden the money beneath the saddle upon his horse, and was willing to be searched. We did not suspect him, and had two other persons arrested, whom we tried to frighten into a confession, and he, B——, was at their examination. After selling his cattle and butter he returned and robbed his neighbor, and as he was apt to have it proven against him, he got into a confessing mood and acknowledged that he stole my money, for which I had him arrested, but while on the way to jail he escaped from the officer and cleared out. After an absence of six months he returned in secret for his family, and was recaptured and sent to prison, from which, after he had served about a year, we had him pardoned.

CHAPTER II.

THE WEST.

I continued to sell goods and make whisky, potash, etc., for about ten years. At that time many of my customers were emigrating to Michigan, and as that country was said to be the place for young men, I sold out with the rest. I thought the field too small, and was anxious to spread out. I had done much to build up a town, but the country was valleys and mountains, and as each narrow valley had its center, I could only bring the people of my valley to my place. I had built my stores, hotel and mechanic shops, and had aided in building churches and a Masonic hall, having been made a Mason as soon as my age would permit, but of this I shall speak hereafter. I gathered together my effects and started for Michigan in 1829. The currency at that time was mostly in state bank notes, and when I started from Delaware County they were almost all considered good, as everyone supposed those in his immediate neighborhood were.

My trip West was by the Erie Canal, on a line boat, and we thought that was great traveling, for those boats carried large numbers. All the enterprise of the country was emigrating West, full of hope. This style of traveling was an improvement on the way I went many years before with my father, in a covered wagon, and was all new, novel and interesting, for the boatload of passengers was a world in miniature, and clergymen, laymen, farmers, mechanics, wives and daughters, were all cooped up together; we eat, slept and conversed, and learned each other's business. Upon the whole the trip was interesting, and many little events which occurred at this time will be remembered through life. When the boat arrived at Buffalo we found the harbor all driven full of ice, and had to wait some days for it to drift out again, and when it did the only boat that was going up the lake for some days was bound for Dunkirk, for steamboats were not numerous in at that early day, so I shipped for that place, and from thence went by stage to Cleveland, enjoying a delightful ride over the ridge road and through a beautiful country. While waiting at Cleveland, a schooner hove in sight with a fair wind, and I made arrangements

with the Captain for a passage to Detroit. We had but fairly got under way when we were becalmed, but finding on this boat the same kind of emigrants that we had on the canal boat, we made ourselves as happy as circumstances would permit, and took to playing whist, which we made very pleasant as we had the ladies join in, it being my rule never to play cards unless one-half of the party were ladies. In this way we passed the time until, by light winds, we came to Fort Malden, on the Canada side at the mouth of Detroit River. Here again we were becalmed, and a few of the male passengers, myself included, took to the land and walked to Detroit, a distance of about twenty miles, through settlements of French and Indians; Detroit was a very small town in 1829. A landlord came and solicited our custom; he said he kept the New England House. I thought he might be an honest man, but I did not find him so. He agreed to hire me a pony to go to Tecumseh, and said that his pony was out on the common and that he would send a man to look for him. We waited for the man to return from the search, still boarding at his house, and finally ascertained that three of his guests, each traveling in a different direction, were also waiting

for ponies, when in fact he had but one pony, and he had already hired him to a person who had been at his house several days before. A guest had discovered whereabouts of the pony and informed us. We stayed no longer at the New England, but we left our opinions with him in language too profane for a religious work like this.

I traveled from Detroit to Tecumseh on foot. The country was new, and the mosquitoes were old and hungry and we had to feed them or fight. Passing through Ypsilanti and Ann Arbor, I at length arrived at Tecumseh, where I found many of my Delaware County acquaintances, who were pleased to see me and anxious to have me settle with them and help build up their town, for I had some reputation in that line thus early; but the fever and ague was too prevalent at that time to suit me, and I resolved to return to the country from whence I came. I had in my possession at that time about six thousand dollars in State bank bills, which I considered good money. I made my way back to Detroit just in time to take a boat for Buffalo, and bidding good-bye to the landlord of the New England House, the fever and ague, and the mosquitoes, we sped on our way. Arriving at Buffalo I was greeted with the

intelligence that all the banks on the Hudson River had failed, which I found to be too true, at least so far as all the money I had was concerned, for out of my six thousand dollars I had not enough good money to pay my fare back to the Hudson, and had to borrow from a friend who happened to have Western money. I then wished that I had layed out my means in Michigan, but here I was with about all my money in broken bank bills. I wanted to go into business again, but the bills would only command fifty cents on the dollar, and as I had to sell them or wait until a receiver could close up the banks, I chose to the former, and decided to go into business with the remaining capital, less what I would spend in looking for a better place. And let me here again give an old man's advice. We float about too much; I have found that had I remained at my starting-point in life, and practiced the industry and frugality that I since have, I would have been much better off to-day than I am now.

I bought a farm and mill site on the Delaware River, built a mill, store, house, and shop, and then bought a stock of goods and commenced again. I was now flattered to accept the nomination for Member of the Assembly of New York.

At this time politics took another turn; the Masonic persecution came. The Masons were charged with spiriting away one William Morgan, who pretended to have published the secrets of Masonry, and party feeling ran high. As I had been made a member of the order, I was opposed by the Anti-Masons, who had just discovered that it was criminal to belong to the society. The members of the Baptist Church were almost to a man Anti-Masons. My father happened to be a Baptist and a Mason about the same length of time, and he had his choice either to leave the Church or the lodge; he chose the former, saying that he had never seen anything in Masonry derogatory to a good Christian character. But with all the opposition of the Baptist Church, I was elected in 1830 and 1831. About this time the law was passed abolishing imprisonment for debt, and I am proud that my vote is recorded in favor of abolishing that barbarous law to shut up the Indian because he would not pay the skins. An Indian asked why a debtor was imprisoned, and was told that the debtor did not pay the skins, his answer was, "How he catch skins there?"

While in the Legislature a company of us

purchased a tract of pine lands that came into market in consequence of the improvements made by the Delaware and Hudson Canal Company, and I sold out my little town on the banks of the Delaware, and removed to a place called Carbondale, in Pennsylvania. Here I built a mill, took a large stock of goods, manufactured five million feet of lumber a year and got it into market, and prospered in this world's goods. I look back with fonder recollections to the five years spent at Carbondale (1831 to 1836), than to any five years of my life; it seems as though it was all sunshine. I gave employment to a large number of men, and also gave a number of young men a start in life, which they all improved, and they became the very best of business men; of them I may speak hereafter.

The society at Carbondale was composed of young men from the adjoining States, and their families. They were all strangers to each other when they first arrived, consequently there were no old quarrels, and all aimed to make one another happy, and we were as much so as we can be in this world of disappointment.

But now came another change. It became necessary for the company to have a lumber yard

in the city of New York, and I was chosen to go and start one. I arrived at that place in December, 1835, while it was still smoking from the great fire, and rented a dwelling for my family and an office and lumber yard for my business. In the spring of 1836 I commenced business with a cash capital of thirty thousand dollars. The country was then in a blaze of prosperity, which was only based upon a paper foundation. I found then that I had mistaken my place in the early part of my life, for I made over ten thousand dollars in one year, and supported my family, and that was within one-third as much as I had made in the whole of my life before.

While at Carbondale I was compelled to send another culprit to state prison, in the person of one Thomas Wall, who had contracted with me to supply one of our mills with logs, and draw the lumber to the railroad; the contract was quite large, amounting to about five thousand dollars a year. After he had worked under his contract for some time, I found that he was taking up his pay faster than he was earning it, so I demanded some security and he deeded to me his farm, and I gave him an article of agreement whereby he had the right to redeem it by paying back, with inter-

est, the amount which I had given him for it. When I removed to the city of New York I had a settlement with him, and found a balance due him, after taking out the price of his farm, of two hundred and sixty-five dollars, to apply on the redemption of his farm, he having but one more year in which to redeem it. I had allowed him sixteen hundred dollars for his farm. When the year was up he gave me notice through a lawyer at Wilkesbarre that there was on deposit for me in the bank at that place the sum of five hundred dollars, when I should reconvey his farm to him according to contract. When I received this notice I could not conceive what it meant, as there was due me the sum of sixteen hundred dollars, with interest for two years, less the receipt of two hundred and sixty-five dollars, so I made the trip from New York to Wilkesbarre to see what it meant, and there I was met with a forged receipt, or the receipt for two hundred and sixty-five dollars altered to one for twelve hundred and sixty-five dollars. I had to commence suit to get possession of the farm, and Wall came into court with the aforesaid forged or altered receipt for twelve hundred and sixty-five dollars, but we got hold of the papers and he was found guilty and sent to

state prison. After allowing him to serve one year, I petitioned for and obtained his release.

While engaged in business at Carbondale I was appointed postmaster, and kept the post office at my store, placing the duties of the office in charge one of my clerks, J. Bowen, to whom I have before alluded; he also served as my book-keeper. In those days we had no express companies or postal order arrangement, and much money was sent by mail. It was discovered that large amounts so sent had not arrived at their destination, and frequent complaints were made to me in regard to the matter, and I at once wrote to the Post Office Department. One day a tall, fine-looking young man entered the store and inquired about how soon a remittance would reach New York, for he was not sure, as he afterwards told me, that the difficulty was not with us. He mailed a letter with funds in it, and went on with the stage the next morning, but in a day or two he was back again and showed me my letter to the Department and disclosed his business, stating that he was a Government detective. He again sealed up a large package of counterfeit money, and mailed it to H. Wyckoff & Co., Grocer Merchant, New York, of whom I bought goods; he

also mailed a short letter to the same address, advising them of the contents of the package, should they receive it. Again the detective started off in the stage which contained the mail bag wherein his package had been deposited, and so contrived at the different postoffices along the route that he saw the postmaster empty the bag and then kept his eyes on the package until it went into the bag again. It arrived in safety at Milford, on the Delaware River, where he again saw it placed in the bag and removed to a hotel opposite, where it was deposited in the baggage room to remain until two o'clock the next morning. He then went to the next office on the route, called the brick house, which was located in New Jersey, and again witnessed the emptying of the bags, but the package was missing. The stage went on, but the detective remained behind, and, in company with the postmaster of the brick house, returned to Milford, where he gave his companion a twenty-dollar bill with which to buy groceries at the post office store in that place. He did so and received in exchange one of the counterfeit five dollar bills, and the detective thought he had entrapped his man, but it was not so, for upon inquiring of the postmaster where he

had got the five dollar bill, he reflected a moment and then said that he had received it of the landlord across the way. We went to him and inquired where he had received the bill, and the trap had him; but the public was slow to believe that Mr. D—— could have done so, for he was class leader in the Methodist Church, and was prosperous in his business. Although large amounts had been taken from letters, he would only acknowledge himself guilty of the act in which he had been caught. He was sent to state prison, and the society had to lose him as class leader for a while; but, after serving a year, he also was pardoned. It was a narrow escape for the postmaster at Milford, as a part of the money was first found on him. The landlord had got hold of a postoffice key, and found time to look through the bags while they were deposited in his baggage room.

The five years which I had spent at Carbondale had more diversity of life in them than four times five years of the rest of my life, for here was a world in miniature, all nations being represented in the laborers at the coal mines and lumber camps. The Welch miner, the Scotchman, the German, the Dane, and the Irishman, all found

employment here, and, having a stock of goods to sell, I enjoyed an opportunity of reading their characters and noting what was peculiar to each. The Irishmen were numerous, and possessed their usual store of fun and fight; much that we put down to their credit as wit, is more frequently honest blundering. Once, while traveling up the valley of the Lackawanna from the mills to my store, I discovered an Irishman by the roadside digging a hole or sinking a shaft, and, it being some distance from the mines, my curiosity was aroused, and I said to him, "Pat, what are you digging there for?" He answered, "*For fifty cents, sir!*" That was all he cared about it, and it showed his character; it was immaterial to him why the hole was sunk, it was the fifty cents that he was digging for. This would be set down as Irish wit, but it was only an honest answer without the thought of a witty reply. There was the Welchman down in the mine under the earth, with his lamp in his cap, working away, while his good woman, with her round, healthy, beautiful face, performed the housework and shopping; and when the Sabbath came, all went to church, for they were a very religious and conscientious people. There was also a large sprinkling of Yankees, who

sold goods and done the mechanical work of the place. Altogether, at this date, the population was as good as could be found, at least they pleased me and I think I did not fail to please them.

Another change now came over the spirit of my dreams, for in the very next year the whole commercial world went by the board, every bank in the country failed, and with them went about all that I had earned through life. All my lumber had been sold for notes at two, three and four months' time, none of which were paid when they became due, and out of the forty thousand dollars capital which I could have counted the year before, I could only save, after paying my debts at par, about six thousand dollars, the remainder is due me yet if it has not been paid off by the bankrupt act.

CHAPTER III.

STEAMBOATING.

Well, here I am again, most 40 years old, and with six thousand dollars capital. What shall I go at next. I wanted to do something that had no credit to it. I thought of a freighting and passage business on the Hudson River, so I embarked in this, bought a steamboat called the General Jackson, the boat that Vanderbilt built to run between New York and Peekskill, and in running with an opposition boat of that line, blew her up at Grassy Point, on the route. After she had been rebuilt I bought her, paying down my whole pile, and getting in debt six thousand dollars besides. I put her on as an opposition boat to run between Kingston, New York, to New York city; the other boat on that line was called the Hudson, and was commanded by Captain Woolsey. I placed a young man named Rexford in charge of my steamer as captain, but he was drowned on the first passage down to the city, and I assumed command in consequence; this is where

my title of captain originated, having before ranked as major from the military commission heretofore spoken of.

I again took hold with a determination to make a business and property. Upon the steamer's first trip she had carried but fifteen passengers and a small freight, while the other boat had one hundred passengers and a very large freight, but after I went on board I endeavored to make mine the most popular, and was successful, for in a short time I carried the hundred passengers, and Captain Woolsey had the fifteen. The owners of the Hudson then offered me two thousand dollars if I would haul my boat off, or they would take one thousand dollars and haul off themselves. I gave them the thousand dollars, and had the business all to myself for a while. Now, young man, perhaps you would like to know how this was done; it was by making every man that came on board the boat feel at his ease and at home. I dressed plainly and was ready at any time to assist a farmer or merchant in selling his freight, and if I saw a retiring or bashful man on the boat I engaged in conversation with him and made him feel as if he was as good as a steamboat captain, and that he had at least one friend aboard,

and then when he returned home he would say unto every man he met, "If you go to New York take Captain Mapes' boat, for he is a man that will talk to a person with a sheeps'-wool coat on' Yes, that is the secret; you must not only appear friendly but must be so at heart, for "if you would have friends through life, show yourself friendly."

After getting my boat into a successful business and paying for her the first season, I proposed to turn my early acquaintances in Delaware County to my advantage, and have them go to New York by way of Kingston. They had heretofore traded by way of Catskill, where they had steamboats, and had a line of coaches from their place to Delhi. I proposed to my Kingston friends to establish a mail route and line of stages to Delhi, but no, the place had been a large town for over a hundred years and nothing of the kind ever came in from the West except, once a week, a boy on horseback with saddle-bags; so I left the boat for a week and went to Washington and had a mail route established. After establishing the route I supposed that I could get some one to put on a line of stages, but here again I was disappointed, and finally I bought three Troy

coaches and thirty horses and established the first line of stages West from Kingston. This was new business for me. Hiring stage-drivers, bargaining with landlords to keep the same, together with steamboating, occupied my entire time. I will here relate how I selected one of my drivers. A great, overgrown Dutch boy came and proffered his services; I asked him if he had ever driven any, and he answered, "Yes, I have driven lots in my time—sometimes horses and sometimes *oxen*, but *mostly oxen*." This settled the point, and convinced me that he was an honest boy; if he acknowledged that he had driven oxen more than horses, he had not attempted to deceive me as to his experience. I hired him and he proved faithful and honest, and he and one other driver handed me, at the end of the month, all the money they had taken for way passengers between stations, which was sufficient to pay their month's wages, while all the other drivers never handed over a dollar. The inauguration of a line of Troy stages through a country the people of which had never before seen a four-horse team, was a great event. The inhabitants along the line, and at the little villages and corners, came out and fired off their anvils, swung their hats, and shouted

“Great is the Captain!” I went over the road on the first trip; now a railroad passes over the greater portion of the route.

In speaking of my exploits at gunning, I have an anecdote to relate: While living at Rondout, and running my boat, acquaintances in the city of New York would frequently come and spend the summer with us. On one occasion we had a lady friend who was always boasting of her exploits in gunning, and, in order to give her an opportunity of displaying her superior skill, we made up a family party, and went back from the town about seven miles and there ordered dinner. While the dinner was being prepared our lady friend loaded her gun, and we all sallied into the woods in quest of game, she telling all the while how she could shoot game on the wing. I was not very credulous on that subject, so I said, “I will throw my new beaver hat into the air, and hit if you can.” I thought my hat would be perfectly safe, and, as she dared me to the act, up it went. Sure enough, she had completely riddled and ruined it. It was a good joke on me, for I had to return home with an umbrella over my head, but I took good care not to go through the town of Kingston, on my way to Rondout, until

it was night. This incident helped to make the ride a pleasant and enjoyable one, and I hope that the lady who shot the hat is still living that she may read this account of the affair, for it would revive some pleasant recollections ; but I fear she has gone over the river. A dear girl she was to our whole family. She was the wife of Doctor Spooner, and the daughter of John F. Darrow, formerly of Catskill, and then of New York city.

An affair occurred, while I was captain of the steamer, which made a lasting impression upon my mind, namely, the falling overboard of my youngest son, and his narrow escape from drowning. He had been in the habit of going to New York with me, accompanied by his mother, but on this occasion a schoolmate, a great friend of his, was going to the city, and he desired to accompany him. As his mother could not go, she refused permission, for he was so full of life that she thought it required her constant care to prevent his falling into the river, so he got me to intercede for him, which I did, and, after promising to look after him and return him in safety, she consented. But the boat had hardly gone twelve miles on the trip before I heard the cry of "Man overboard !" and springing to the yawl-

boat, which was suspended from cranes on the side of the steamer, I lowered away with all possible speed, and, while doing so, caught sight of the body as it rose on the swell caused by the wheels. I knew from this that the person who had fallen overboard had been carried beneath the wheels, but could not say whether he was dead or alive. The two expert oarsmen in the yawl rowed with all their might, the steamer was stopped, and all eyes were strained to see whether they would be successful in rescuing the person. I supposed it was a man, until I heard the chambermaid remark to a lady beside her, "Does the captain know that it is his son Tim?" This was the first information I had as to who it was, but my eldest son, who was also on board, had made the discovery and was crying "Row, row, row." As good fortune would have it the boat was stopped just in time for one to reach over the bow and rescue the lad, and then, oh! the breathless anxiety to know whether he was alive or dead. They rowed back to the steamer, and I went down the steps lowered for that purpose and took him from the arms of the boatman; one little hand was reaching out for me, and the other grasped a little straw hat which had nearly

been his last. It was with great care that we restored him to life, for he was nearly gone; then came to mind my promise to his mother that I would bring him back safe. He was always a pet boy, and is now, at this writing, cashier of the Fourth National Bank of Chicago. Such incidents endear our children to us, at least it has had that effect on me.

While building my residence and improving my grounds at Rondout, I employed a young man to run the boat, but before he had been in command two months he ran her upon a reef in East River and stove a large hole in her. I had run her for seven years and had never missed a trip, but this brought us to a stand-still. She was sunk at the Palisades, and was worth seventy-five thousand dollars. I had a contract at that time for towing the Delaware and Hudson Canal Company's coal from Rondout to New York city, and as mine had been the only boat upon the North and East Rivers which was not owned by the great steamboat monopoly of Newton, Drew & Co., I was compelled to hire a boat from them in order to fulfill my contract. But when that firm heard that I had raised my boat and found her so badly wrecked that she could not again be rendered

seaworthy, and would have to be sold for what she would bring, I could not buy a boat of them for what it was worth. My steamer was uninsured, for it was not thought necessary to insure boats running on the Hudson as they were constantly in a good harbor, and although she had cost me seventy-five thousand dollars I finally sold her for six thousand.

Here a blank occurs in my life, and I do not know how to fill it, for there are things which have gone from me as effectually as if I had been so long buried. I had worked night and day for thirty days to raise my boat and put her in order again, and was prostrated, body and mind, in consequence. Reader, do you know by what a slender thread the mind is held? When I found that my boat was ruined, and my contract lost for want of a boat with which to fulfill it, my courage failed me for the first time in my life; what to do I did not know. My family supposed that I had a competency for life, they did not see as I did that a house and home without an income to support it, was no home at all. So I left the scene and threw myself on the steamboats and railroads to take me anywhere, I did not much care where. This was in the summer of 1844, when the presi-

dential election was held, and the Democrats elected Polk for President and Dallas for Vice President; but politics had no charm for me, and life appeared like a blank. I had been temperate, frugal and industrious in my habits, and now, at forty-six years of age, I was without hope for the little capital I had saved from the wreck was not sufficient to allow me to compete successfully with Eastern capitalists. So I drifted along to the West, where all go to mend or make a fortune. I was alone and all were strangers to me, for I rather avoided acquaintances, but while en route from Albany westward, I fell in with an old friend who was Chief Engineer of the State of New York. He asked me where I was going, but I could not answer as I did not know myself. He had not heard of my business disaster, but had discovered from my appearance that something was wrong, so I told him all about it. He told to cheer up, and asked me to have some good brandy with him as he supposed it might have the effect of awaking me from my gloomy thoughts, and it did, for up to this time I had never taken any stimulants, having been strictly temperate in that direction, and the liquor had a most powerful effect upon me. I do not here wish to recommend

brandy for all the ills of life, but it gave me new life, for it operated upon me quite differently from what it would have done had I been accustomed to the use of stimulants. From my friend's advice, and the medicine he gave me, I took another start in life and tried to acquire a property that would not sink by having a hole stove in it, so I drifted westward past Detroit, by boat, and finally landed at Racine, Wisconsin, where I went back into the country. Here, for the first time in my life, I saw a prairie, and to me, having been brought up in the Catskill Mountains, it was most beautiful; yes, that prairie was the loveliest sight I had ever seen in nature, and through the summer, with its monthly change of flowers, there was nothing more enchanting. I resolved to go back at once for my family, purchase some land in this county, and make a new home in the far West, as it was then called; so I returned, took my family and effects, and again started. My family was now composed of my wife, two sons and a daughter; my mute brother had lived with me since the death of my father, who was buried at Roxbury, but now very reluctantly remained behind with a sister in Delaware County, for we were very much attached to each other, and my wife had

shown herself so kind to him that he loved her as a mother. The daughter was a foster-daughter, and was adopted under the following circumstances: While living at Rondout our only daughter was born, and a lovely child she was, but as soon as she got to know and love us, Heaven recalled her. The loss to her mother and myself was great, and how to fill the space she had occupied in our hearts we did not know. About this time our nearest neighbor lost his wife, and she left a child of about the same age as our dear Fanny, and looked quite like her, so my wife, obtaining the father's consent, adopted her. We took more pains, if possible, in bringing up this girl than we should have done had it been our own, and we were well repaid for she grew into a lovely woman. She married quite to our satisfaction, and emigrated with her husband to Minnesota; but Heaven claimed her also, and her body lies in the family grave-yard at Ripon, Wisconsin.

Our trip to Wisconsin was very pleasant, the only drawback being the uncertainty of my occupation when we should arrive at that beautiful country. Our route was by way of Oswego and Niagara Falls to Buffalo, and thence by boat to Racine. On the passage from Oswego to Niagara

Falls the entire family, myself included, were seasick. Reader, have you ever been seasick? If so, you know what it is to die, for I would as soon die as linger long with seasickness. On arriving at Racine we took a house and lived in a very humble manner until we could look up a place and make a home of our own, and for this purpose I took team and, in company with my eldest son, started for those delightful prairies upon which we had fondly hoped to find a suitable location. We traveled through to Galena, on the Mississippi River, but found no lands at Government prices, and our means were too limited to purchase otherwise. I had given my sons their choice to remain East and continue their studies or come with me to the West, and the novelty of trip caused them prefer the latter, but they found that it was not so pleasant to take the laboring oar as they had to in this country, for it was very new as early as 1844.

About this time a friend of ours, from Albany, was building a new hotel at Racine, and he urged us to take it and furnish it, which we did. It was Congress Hall, the best public house in the Territory. After placing the hotel in successful running order we left the family in

charge, and again started out to find the spot which we had so long pictured in our minds. We made up a party for the purpose of exploring the Territory, consisting of Lieutenant Webster of the army, a Virginia lawyer named Clarey, Captain Lathrop of Albany, and myself, and crossed the prairies by team to Janesville, which then contained two stores, two public houses, a court house and about a dozen buildings. We next went to Madison, then the seat of the government of Wisconsin, a town about as large as Janesville, and from thence to Portage City, or, as it was then called, Fort Winnebago. Here we found the remnant of the military garrison under command of a sergeant, and spent the night. Old Captain Lawrence kept the only public house, and could tell all about the country, for settlers were few and far between. The Captain had been in command of the old fort in days gone by; he was a very pleasant gentleman, and made our short stay very pleasant. From here we started for Green Lake, of which we had heard much, expecting to find another village, but on approaching the lake and inquiring for the best hotel, we were informed that Saturday Clark's hospitable mansion was the only place we could stay. Here we were most

kindly received and entertained, as was many a traveller in the early settlement of the country. Mr. Clark (he was best known as Sat Clark) could tell us more than we had found out on the whole trip, as he had been with his father, the Colonel, when he commanded the old fort, and had served as the army store-keeper. Our Virginia lawyer, Cleary, was highly pleased with our visit here, for he and Sat would talk over Virginia affairs. Clark's hospitality consisted in meats and drinks, the latter were not objectionable for the hotels at that time were some distance apart which made it pleasant to a weary and wayworn traveler.

* * * * *

How fleeting and frail is man's popularity. When I went back to Delaware County in after years, I expected to be the great man they made me believe I was when they flattered me into running for office and sent me to the Legislature, or when they put me in command of regiments, in the days of militia training, with a sword in my hand and brass epaulets on my shoulders.

On one occasion, by order of the General, I took command of two regiments, got them into line, and tried my voice, and was again frightened at

its sound. I had practiced the rule, "Raise your voice so that the furthest man in the ranks can hear you, and you have accomplished what is needed," and found that I had succeeded, for I saw the whole line move at the word; but I had to overcome a natural bashfulness that most young men have, but they have nothing to fear but ignorance, and they must cure that by knowing of what they speak and do, for if they are right they have nothing to fear.

On returning to those old haunts I was taken all aback in my supposed greatness. I met a farmer on the streets who appeared to be a well-to-do man, so I accosted him and the following conversation occurred :

"Do you live in this town?"

"Yes."

"How long have you lived here?"

"I was born here."

"What is your father's name?"

"Scudder."

"William Scudder?"

"Yes."

"Your mother's name was Betts?"

"Yes."

He looked at me to see if he could recognize me, but he could not.

"Do you know who built those houses, stores and mills?" I continued, alluding to the little village which I had erected years before.

"I do not," he answered.

"Have you never heard that David P. Mapes, or Major Mapes as he was called, had erected those buildings?"

"I have not."

"Have you ever heard your father speak of him?"

"No."

"Well," said I, "I am the person who built them, and have so soon been forgotten."

He was a farmer, lived in the town, had a dairy of twenty or thirty cows, and was a man of some account, while I was forgotten. It humbled me some. So you who are aspiring for name and place can see how soon your greatness will fly away if you do not stay to blow your own horn; and that will do you no good unless it is a silver horn, for a common tin horn will not even keep you in remembrance.

My family was now composed of my wife and two sons, one of whom was studying law, and the

other attended school; my daughter was not born until we had lived at Kingston for some time. What I call Kingston was composed of the old town of Kingston and Rondout, on the river, and had grown up when the Delaware and Hudson Canal was built from this point. I took part in building up the town of Rondout, for after having been in the steamboat business for seven years, I concluded that I was well able to stay on shore, so I built me a fine residence overlooking the town and river.

It has been said that when the Quaker desires a curse to befall an enemy, he wishes that the spirit of building would possess him, for he who contains this spirit is sure to come to ruin. I have always been followed by the Quakers' curse, for I was fond of seeing and making improvements. I have built too much in every town in which I have lived—too much for my own profit, but it helped make the town. Once, at Rondout, after I had laid up the steamer for the winter and my clerk had made out his bills and was at leisure, he said to me, "I want to go at it and build a church?" "What," said I, "build a Baptist Church?" he being of that denomination. "Yes," was his answer, "and what will you give?" I

told him that I would give a lot to build it on and one hundred dollars, so at it he went with a subscription and in a few days had sufficient to build a small church; he then got a revival preacher to visit us, and before the opening of navigation he not only had the church built, but had members enough to fill it. They had to cut the ice in the river in order to perform the rite of baptism. This clerk's name was Asa Eaton, and he is one of the young men to whom I have heretofore alluded as having started in life with me; he became one of the best business men in the country.

While the Baptists were building their church, I spoke to the agent of the Delaware and Hudson Canal Company of the success with which they had met, and he said, "You have done so much for them, why do you not do something for us Presbyterians?" "You have already built a church," I replied. "Yes," said he, "but it needs painting." "Well," replied I, "start a subscription and head it yourself with a liberal sum, and it shall be done." He did so, and at it I went, and in thirty days the church was handsomely painted, both inside and out.

While upon the subject of church building, I

will boast of another exploit of the kind. When I was selling goods at Beaver Dam, Roxbury, a society called Christians or Unitarians was started, and there was quite a large number of them. Their revival preacher absented himself for some time, but finally wrote that if they would have a house for him to preach in within sixty days, he would again return, so they went to the Presbyterian deacons and asked for the use of their church for one occasion, but they said, "No; your man denies the divinity of Christ; you cannot have him preach there." "But," said a Unitarian, "I helped to build your church; I subscribed and paid my money." "No," said the deacon, "I recollect that you did not sign for the church, you signed for the steeple; if Mr. Martin is willing to go up into the steeple he may, but he shall not go into the pulpit." The Unitarians were out of patience, and came to me with their complaints. I told them to build a church, but they said they could not do it in sixty days. I then told them to get up a subscription and I would see that Mr. Martin had a church in the specified time. They did so, and in sixty days the church was complete, with pulpit and desk, and with a Bible lying upon the desk. Their preacher came, and the house was

filled to overflowing. This church has since been destroyed by fire; it was located near what is now called Burhan's Corners. So I have gone on through life, helping those who were behind with their rows, and I have taken great satisfaction in it, not so much for the praise I got, as the self-satisfaction I experienced. Every act of life has its selfishness; we get a self-satisfaction, and that is selfishness; the very best acts of life can be traced to the same source.

Even now, at this age of life, I am anxious to go back to the old haunts and towns that I have helped to build. I am told that a railroad now runs up the valley of the Delaware, through the place where I first commenced life. This valley at Beaver Dam, Roxbury, has a beauty to it which I can not forget; it is a narrow vale with stupendous mountains on each side. I well remember my impression when I first beheld it, over fifty years ago. Judge Otis Preston said to me when he first saw me there, "Young man, how do you like the country?" "Your mountains are very high," I answered. "They are," said he, "but they will not hurt you if you keep off of them." I found it to be so, and I think you will have to keep your railroads in the valleys. I well remem-

ber how we all turned out one Fourth of July, fifty years ago, to improve the wagon road that passed under what we then called Independent Rock, which at that time hung over the road. There we on that day ate our independence dinner, and, while so doing, concluded that we must have some speeches from that overhanging rock. Our orator and road-master and master of ceremony was Zachariah Snyder (he has gone to his Father, I suppose,) and upon him we called for a speech. He mounted the rock and commenced by saying, "Ladies and gentlemen, we are all here," this he repeated several times, and then broke down. An old man in the crowd, named John Delong, having noticed the Captain's embarrassment, cried out, "Zachius, come down!" and this you may well think brought him and the crowd down at the same time. I hope that some of those who were with us on that day are still left to read this account.

*

*

*

*

*

Keeping hotel at Congress Hall, Racine, was not a success; although we had the house full of boarders, including the *elite* of the place, it did not pay. It had taken about two thousand dollars to furnish it, which had made a severe draft

upon my already depleted capital; and I would have done much better had I invested it, as I did the remainder, in government property in and about what is now called the city of Ripon. My eldest son had made the acquaintance of the foster-sister and neice of George H. Walker, of Walker's Point memory, and was married to her, and a most worthy lady she proved to be. We left them in charge of Congress Hall, but they soon gave it up and came with us to Ripon, and we forfeited the hotel furniture in order to relinquish the lease. We found that Milwaukee carried too many guns for Racine, notwithstanding the latter possessed the most beautiful town-site in the West, and did not lack for business men of the right stamp. But the mass of emigrants in those days shipped for Wisconsin, and, as the first landing-place was at Milwaukee, they were hustled out of the boat, upon its arrival, with the remark, "This is Wisconsin." And so it was. I had found at Racine the same class of people that I had left at Carbondale, Pennsylvania, with so much regret, and I still cherish their memory; the past thirty years has made great changes among them, but some of us still live on, and hope to until this world is all we could wish it to be.

CHAPTER IV.

THE FOUNDING OF RIPON.

Who would have thought, forty years ago, that Wisconsin would have accomplished so much in so short a period?

While upon that exploring expedition through the Territory we selected the country around and about where the city of Ripon now stands, and of this place I shall have much to say hereafter, for it is a child of my own conceiving and bringing forth; they call me the founder of the city, and so I am. It was here that we found the spot which we had pictured in our minds, and a more beautiful place I have never seen in nature. When our party came out of what was called the (Ceresco) valley they shouted with one accord, "This is *the spot!*" We were told that this prairie and grove was government land, but we found that one hundred and sixty acres had been entered by the Register of the Land Office at Green Bay, so we entered the lands about it. About two thousand acres had been entered the year before by an

incorporated company called the Wisconsin Phalanx, and a settlement had already been commenced. We had entered about two sections, or twelve hundred and eighty acres, and as we desired to build our city upon the quarter-section above mentioned, we dispatched an agent to the Register of the Land Office at Green Bay, Governor Horner, with instructions to buy it, but the agent of the Wisconsin Phalanx had out-riden our man, Charles H. Deekin, and had offered so much for it that the price had risen beyond our means, and as the land in question contained the water-power, we could build no mill, consequently we settled down to farming, and, having bought eight yoke of oxen and a span of horses, commenced to put in our crops, build farm houses, etc. The Wisconsin Phalanx had commenced the year before and had already demonstrated what the land would produce, for their crop consisted of about fifteen thousand bushels of wheat. Our first crop, the year after, comprised about seven thousand bushels of wheat, oats and corn, but was mostly wheat.

The Wisconsin Phalanx Company sprang from the doctrines of one Charles Fourier, of France, a sort of communist, hence they were called the

Fouriers. The company comprised about two hundred men, women and children, and came in competition with many of my plans. They built two long buildings to contain all the families in the association, and had one general boarding house. It was a sort of a joint stock company; each put in his capital or labor, and each drew in proportion to his share, being charged with board. The system looked well in theory, but failed in practice. I used to read, in the New York Tribune, letters written upon the subject by one Brisbane, and thought that the system would improve the condition of man, and it would have done so had all men been angels, but unluckily for the world they are not. I suppose there were as many angels in that settlement of Fouriers as could be found elsewhere in the same number of settlers. This system, with its varied attractions, drew together quite a number. Having in their midst a good band of music they held frequent cotillion parties, and they had some very fine dancers. These parties attracted the young men and women, and they enjoyed themselves well for a while, but finally it began to drag. As they had the society all to themselves, the men had to dance with the same ladies and witness the same

display of ball dress on each occasion, and the ladies had to be led out to dance by the same man without a prospect of a new flirtation, and it became monotonous. When we settled in the neighborhood, Warren Chase was the President or head of the association. He was a man of much plausibility and some talent, and strove hard to uphold the association; he had it incorporated by the Legislature, but after a few years' trial he found it would not work with frail, selfish man, so he dissolved it.

The following extract from a work written by William Mitchell formed a part of the history of Fond du Lac County, and was furnished by me. The two knit-browed men therein alluded to, were Major Bovay and myself. I had taken the Major into partnership with me when building up the city, consequently he was one of its founders: he was also one of the purchasers of a portion of the Phalanx property, upon which we afterwards built much of the town. The college was first called Brockway College, and should still bear that name, for it was adopted under the following circumstances: The county was then poor in convertible funds, and we had to resort to every available means to accomplish our purpose. In

order to dispose of the stock, I proposed to grant the privilege of naming the college unto the person who should take the largest amount. E. L. Lathrop, for his brother-in-law, Wm. Brockway, subscribed for the largest amount, consequently it was named Brockway College, and that name should never have been changed. When we first moved in the matter the college was to have been a liberal institution, but the Methodists were then building a denominational college at Appleton and were selling their scholarships all about us, so we offered our building, together with ten acres of land, unto any orthodox church which would make it a school of the highest order, and Congregationalists took it, and well have they carried it out. It required much labor to dispose of the stock of the college, but determined minds had said it should be done, and it was done. It was almost creative power, for all that was necessary to build the world was the command of of the Creator that it should be done, and it was done. I recollect going to one of our best farmers, Almon Osborne, for a subscription for the college and he put down twenty-five dollars; proud of so liberal a donation, I went to his next neighbor, Julian Rivers, and, presenting the sub-

scription, said, "Your neighbor, Osborne, has put down twenty-five dollars." Scanning the list a moment, he remarked, "Well, put me down for thirty." He was not to be outdone by his neighbors, for he burned lime from his quarry and drew it to the site of the building in order that the foundation walls of the first edifice might be laid. To such men is Ripon indebted for its early growth. We disposed of the gold watches which we had brought with us from the East, that the mason might be paid for laying the walls; and, in order to facilitate the work, we bought him a span of horses, giving our notes for them, and we—that is, Major Bovay, J. Bowen, D. F. Shephard, myself, and others,—had to pay them; but we had said it should be built, and it was.

"In 1845 settlements were made in various parts of the town, and nearly all the lands entered. The Phalanx increased their numbers and enlarged their capital, they had about two thousand acres of choice land: in 1847 they built a flouring mill, and raised nearly twenty thousand bushels of wheat from a field of four hundred acres; in 1850 they surveyed the villlage plat into lots twelve rods square, with streets six rods wide. They continued in association for six years

with great pecuniary success; there was no litigation in which a member of the company was a party, no intoxicating liquors were brought into the place, and their health was so uniform that during those six years no one had occasion to call a physician; yet the want of social adhesion led them, in 1850, to divide their stock and assume their individual claims, and this they amicably adjusted among themselves. Most of the original company still reside upon the same premises, and peace and harmony still exists among them.

“Ceresco is decidedly a rural village. Twenty-three of the inhabitants have village homesteads of from two to ten acres each, which are well supplied with choice varieties of fruit trees; three of them having over five hundred each. There are also several extensive nurseries. The village is located in a valley of about one hundred acres, with Silver Creek upon the east and a high bluff on the west. On the opposite side of the creek the land rises, presenting a beautiful hillside prairie, and on this hillside, a little below the village, is a circle of mounds some sixty or seventy rods in diameter, many of which are elevated four or five feet above the common level, while others have been wasted by elemental action until they

are but slightly visible. They are from twenty to thirty feet in diameter, of circular form, and from two to twenty rods from each other. Near the southeast part of this circle a semi-circle of similar mounds commences, stretching in a southerly direction, then curving towards the creek, until the line of the arch is half a mile in length. Similar mounds are also in the village, some still remaining prominent while others have been levelled in cultivating the soil. Near these have been found many pieces of iron tube, closely bound over with wire and coated with copper. These tubes are about half an inch in diameter, varying from a few inches to three feet in length, and have apparently been encased in red cedar wood, which is so decomposed that it crumbles to dust upon being exposed to the air. They are found a few feet below the surface; one, now in my possession, was found by Mr. Gerritt H. Baker, while plowing his garden very deeply. For what purpose they were used, when, and by whom, are questions which may furnish contemplation for the curious.

“About half a mile south of the village there are several fine falls in the creek, affording superior privileges for manufacturing purposes; but a quarter-section including this water-power had

been secured by the rapacity of speculators, putting industry at defiance until 1850, when Captain D. P. Mapes succeeded in negotiating with J. S. Horner for this location. Up to this time there was no finger-mark of improvement upon the face of nature in this neighborhood; Mr. Mapes, a man of energy, now set about building a village, surveyed a plat, gave away lots on condition that certain improvements should be made, built a large public house called the Ripon House, commenced and nearly finished the extensive Ripon flouring mill, and made ample preparations for large improvements the next year. In 1851, the flouring mill was completed, a cabinet and chair factory put in operation, and a woolen factory by Mr. S. Ford, and dwelling houses, stores and mechanic shops sprung up with rapidity.

“In the first year of the the existence of the village a charter for the location of a college was also obtained, on condition that it be located here. Towards the close of the year in a gentle snow storm, two men might have been seen staking out the location for the first college building, amidst the half-suppressed jeers of the faithless. But deep down in the heart of these two knit-browed men the finger of determination was writ-

ing, "it shall be done." The novelty, the boldness and utility of the enterprise, the unequalled beauty of the location, all united to attract the sympathy and munificence of the surrounding country, like moistening dew, to cheer on the work. The enterprise succeeded beyond the most sanguine anticipations of its most earnest friends.

"On the west side of the village of Ripon is a conical elevation of about ten acres of land, the ascent is nearly equal on all sides, except that fronting the main part of the village, which is somewhat less obtuse and presents an aspect a trifle bolder. This eminence is covered with shrubs and underwood, with occasional shadowy oaks, which thicken as you go westward and, at the distance of twenty-five or thirty rods, mingle with the thick growth of forest trees which spreads over about two hundred acres. The apex of this elevation is nearly circular; it is about one hundred yards in diameter, is smooth and level, and is elevated about thirty feet above the surrounding country. Upon the center of the apex, and upon the very spot staked out by those two grim, determined men in the snow-storm, stands Brockway College, a beautiful stone edifice presenting its four equal fronts to the four cardinal

points of the compass. Upon all sides Green Lake prairie spreads its rich, rolling surface like a boundless garden, checkered, striped and dotted with little groves of underwood and oak openings, and its streams fringed with forest trees. The vision of the traveler, as he approaches Ripon from any direction, will have a full view of Brockway College at a distance varying from six to eight miles. If the liveliest imagination could be clothed with creative power, and give form, substance and vitality to its most brilliant paintings, it could only mar the divine beauty with which the Almighty Builder has crowned this spot for a public edifice, a city of light set on a hill. The college lands include the whole of the ten acres.

“The traveller, passing westward, soon finds himself in a beautiful grove of sugar maple and other forest trees, the declivity increasing until it abruptly terminates in a deep ravine, through which, over a stony bed, flows a stream of fine cold water which gushes from a spring under a ledge of sandstone which is overlaid with a quarry of limestone some fifteen to twenty feet in thickness. Ascending the rugged bank and continuing westward for about half a mile, gradually rising through the heavy timber forest, you again behold before you

the open prairie in all the beauty and fertility which the most romantic mind attaches to the primeval garden.

“Brockway College was opened for academic studies, in the female department, on June 1st, 1853, under the superintendence of Miss M. J. Adams, with about twenty students. On the first of September, Mr. Martin opened and superintended the male department for one month, when Rev. J. Walcott, Superintendent of the Institute, arrived and assumed his position over the various departments. Mr. W. is a finished scholar, an able instructor, amiable in character and affable in manner, and is highly esteemed by all who know him. In the first term there were three assistant professors and eighty students. It is now in its second term, with prospects entirely satisfactory; and although no collegiate department has yet been opened, there is entire confidence that the institution will be endowed and prepared to enter that sphere of usefulness as soon as the necessities of the students will require it.

“A short distance west of the villages of Ripon and Ceresco, runs a high bluff with frequent outcroppings of limestone, which furnish abundant opportunities for quarrying first-rate stone for

building or burning into lime. The layers of limestone extend to a depth of fifteen or twenty feet and are underlaid with sandstone, which in many places is in a state of decomposition and furnishes excellent sand for mortar. There is also near by an abundance of superior clay for brick. Material for building purposes, of the very best quality, is easy of access to these villages, which are in reality but one; both are on the same stream, which furnishes numerous water-powers in less than half a mile; in the same town, separated only by a space of about one hundred rods; and both being good building-sites, with one common interest, they in fact are and should be considered but *one village*.

“Ever since the commencement of the village of Ripon the enterprise has been attended with considerable success. Merchants, mechanics, manufacturers, as well as the surrounding agriculturists, have not only met no revulsion, but the success of each year has added momentum to the next; the only lack is an increase of laborers and capital to meet the increasing demand. The surrounding advantages of this place are such that it must continue to increase until it becomes a city of substantial importance. Taking this point for the

center of a circle thirty miles in diameter, and a more fertile soil with less ease of cultivation and with equal healthfulness among the inhabitants may be sought for in vain upon the earth. The above territory seems to have been designed by its Maker for one great seed-field, a perennial granary, sufficient for a large city."

We have frequently to speak of one Warren Chase who took a part in the politics of the State. He was a man of some ability, was a member of the first State Convention, and assisted in framing our first constitution, but after the dissolution of the Fourier Clan he was charged with aiding in the introduction of the system of free love and spiritualism which flourished in the valley for a brief period. He also published a book called "The Life-line of the Lone One," and in that work he makes frequent mention of me as the Captain, and of the fact that he always came out ahead of me. How far that has proved true, let the public judge from our works. I had laid out my town of Ripon along side of his Ceresco, laying out the streets at the four cardinal points of the compass, running them north and south and east and west, and had placed the same on record, but the Association, having a majority in

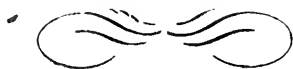
the town, ran a street diagonally across my town plat, making pointed lots and otherwise inconveniencing me, yet my town must go on, so I suited my grounds to this road, and to-day the triangular building known as the Greenway and Salisbury Block, together with the Masonic Temple, serve as monuments to their spite and malice, for they were determined to drive all settlements from the township, except such as would join their clan. I had another difficulty with them when I attempted to remove the post office to Ripon. They had located it in the valley below, and called it Ceresco, as they did the whole township, but, after a trip to Washington and Madison, I succeeded in changing its name and removing it to the hill above, where it has remained to this day.

After free love and spiritualism had had its day in the valley below, and the town of Ripon had taken her place among the prosperous towns of Wisconsin, and the free love element had left for a more congenial clime, a few of the best members of that society took part with Ripon, and most of them are now good citizens, still their clanning propensity occasionally breaks out and a few think that they must give fight to the Captain, as Chase

called me. This Chase is heard from, now and then; he is traveling through the States, delivering lectures and selling his book.

Once, while traveling through Iowa by stage, we stopped at a public house for dinner, and, while awaiting its preparation, I discovered a copy of Chase's work upon a table in the parlor. I asked the landlady where she got it, and she said that while her husband was in Boston he had heard the author deliver a lecture on spiritualism, and bought the book from him. I told the landlady, who was then busily serving my dinner, that I would turn down a leaf in that portion of the work in which the author spoke of me, and, when I had gone away, she could look and see who she had to dinner. I was then informed that dinner was ready, and repaired to the dining-room. But the landlady could not wait until I had departed, for while I was still eating she slipped into the parlor and examined the book, and when she was called to fill my second cup of tea, she was so flurried that she said, "Captain Mapes, did you take cream in your first cup?" "Yes," I answered, "and you have made my acquaintance, for you did not know that my name was Captain Mapes until you had looked into the book; but I

pardon you, for I knew woman's curiosity, and thought you could not wait till I had gone before knowing who your guest was. So let us be acquainted." This made a very pleasant little interview out on one of the broad prairies of Iowa.



CHAPTER V.

CERESCO.

The following extract from a Ripon paper of April 11th, 1873, is the same as before written, but is told by a different witness, Everett Chamberlin, with whom I have not the pleasure of an acquaintance, yet as he appears to be aiming at the truth of the history, I here insert it:

“The visitor at the beautiful city of Ripon, Wisconsin, almost invariably takes a walk or drive around by the ruins—less picturesque than pregnant in meaning—of the deserted Ceresco.

“It is not a barren waste—by no means. Such a thing could not be in a spot so favored by nature, and so contiguous to such thrift and enterprise as abound in all this neighborhood. But still there is a story slumbering in the nooks and crannies of the few abandoned buildings which piques the curiosity of the spectator and sets him to inquiring, ‘why all this is thus?’ This inquiry it is the purpose of this article briefly to answer.

“The history of ‘The Wisconsin Phalanx’ has been told several times, but never completely—the sequence of events being broken off at one end or the other in all the accounts now extant. Of these the fullest is that contained in J. H. Noyes’ ‘History of American Socialisms;’ but this, though full in details of earlier events, is deficient in those which pertain to the closing up of the concern and to the causes which led to the dissolution.

“There have been forty-five noticeable experiments in founding non-religious communities in the United States since Owens commenced his agitation, late in the first quarter of the century. Of these the most important—*i. e.*, those carried out on the largest scale and with the most persistent expenditure of money—were the New Harmony colony, of Indiana, and the North American Phalanx, of New Jersey; but none of the forty-five—certainly none at the West—came so near succeeding as did the Wisconsin Phalanx. This is why it is profitable to refer to the enterprise, now that it is no longer a current event, and examine into its workings.

“The agitation of Fourier’s theories of society began in America in 1838, Albert Brisbane being

the chief expounder. In 1841 and 1846 a majority of all the colonies or communities, organized according to Fourier's plan, had their origin—yes, and their end, too, for the matter. The Wisconsin Phalanx dates its inception to the winter of 1843-4, and the village and vicinity of Southport (now Kenosha), Wisconsin, was its birthplace. A few families living there, on the primeval prairies, became sufficiently imbued with the French philosopher's theories of life and social organization to forsake what then promised to be as much of a lake port as Chicago or Milwaukee, and push out into a still wilder country, in pursuit of the ideal mode of life.

“They set out on the 20th of May, 1844, and in just one week they arrived at the spot which had been selected and pre-empted by a pioneer committee. They were as good material, probably, as was ever got together for one of these experiments. They do not appear to have belonged, even in part, to the class of ‘the unappreciated, the played-out, the idle, and the good-for-nothing, generally,’ who, according to Horace Greeley, composed the communities which failed under his eye. On the contrary, they were persons whose industry and general shrewdness had already been coined into a

goodly equipment of live stock, farm materials, implements, money and other necessities for fitting out the new enterprise. What was better, they had all, as Western pioneers, undergone that training in hard work and privation which fortified them against discontent and home-sickness, the bane of other communistic colonies. They were rather religious than irreligious, and among them were two who had standing as preachers in evangelical denominations. Rather a surplus in so small a community it would seem, and the question may arise whether we have not, in these prophets, the Jonahs who are to weigh down the ship below the water's edge. It appears, however, from the contemporaneous accounts, that there was nothing like religious bigotry visible in the community during its early career; that, on the contrary, everybody was liberal, and the theological sky serene.

"It was for its financial and material success, however, that the Wisconsin Phalanx presently became distinguished. The colony, as already indicated, arrived at its new possessions on the 27th of May. The domain (specify term in Fourier's cant) had already been selected, embracing six hundred acres of arable prairie, fertile in

soil, delightful in situation, and watered by a stream which afforded ample power for the propulsion of a mill's machinery. The colonists gave their settlement the name of Ceresco—doubtless founded on the name of Ceres, the protectress of agriculture, with a syllable added at random for euphony. The name always had a taking sound about it, and helped give the town a striking individuality.

“Arrived at the site of their new empire, the first task of these socialistic pilgrims was to stake out the domain; after which some religious exercises were held—a prayer at least, and a homily by one of the members concerning their duty toward one another. The working force on the first day numbered nineteen men, one boy, eight yoke of oxen, and thirty-four horses. The colony had in all fifty-four head of cattle. The first task was, of course, to get in the crops as soon as possible, the season being already far advanced. Twenty acres of potatoes, buckwheat, turnips, etc., were planted, and in due time harvested; a saw mill was built, and with the lumber which it produced a large hotel, or ‘unitary dwelling,’ was inclosed but not finished; one hundred acres of winter wheat were sown, and this constituted the

work of the first year. It shows that the community was not only industrious, but well organized and intelligently directed. Warren Chase was their leader, not only during this season but afterwards. The association had a constitution, and was governed by some of Fourier's formulæ; for instance, the workmen were arranged in three series, agricultural, mechanical, and educational; and the series were in turn divided into groups. There was also a faithful attempt to carry out the complicated plan of Fourier with regard to the personal credits, and the equalization of labor by reducing all to what was called 'the class of usefulness.' Under this arrangement, some of the more skillful workmen were able to score as many as twenty-five hours' labor in the day—a paradox in time-keeping which was exceedingly amusing to the skillful ones, and correspondingly perplexing to the unskillful, since everybody drew stock or cash on settlement day in proportion to his credit on the daily record.

“At the end of the second season the Phalanx had increased its membership to thirty families, and its property to twenty-seven thousand seven hundred and twenty-five dollars and twenty-two cents; had harvested one hundred acres of wheat,

sixty acres of corn, fifty-seven acres of oats, and other crops in proportion; put in four hundred acres of winter wheat; dug a race and laid foundations for a grist mill, built a stone school house, etc.; performing in all one hundred and two thousand seven hundred and sixty hours' labor. Yet President Warren Chase's policy was by no means the all-work-and-no-play, which is said to make Jack a dull boy. His annual report, dated December 1st, 1845, says 'that many have cultivated vocal and instrumental music; and not only that, but our young ladies and gentlemen have occasionally engaged in cotillions, especially on wedding occasions, of which we have had three the past summer.'

"These were evidently golden days in Ceresco—a surmise not only justified by the facts already cited, but by the testimony of those who lived or visited with the Phalanx during the crescent period. Men and women worked with an electrical zest born of enthusiasm for a newly-espoused cause and the holiday novelty of all the surroundings. Under sound direction their labor was fruitful, and this in turn stimulated to new exertion. Few or no tares sprang up in the social garden. The annual report, already referred to,

rejoices that 'the four great evils with which the world is afflicted—intoxication, law suits, quarrelling and profane swearing—never have, and with the present character and prevailing habit of our members, never can find admittance into society. There is but a very small proportion of the tattling, backbiting and criticisms on character usually found in the neighborhoods of so many families. Perfect harmony and concert of action prevail.' What could be more delightful than this, especially when it was combined with material prosperity, and unencumbered by debt? What wonder that the Phalanx was overrun during the winter and early spring with applications for admission to membership, albeit not one in five was admitted?

"The material prosperity continued—indeed, increased; for during 1846 the Phalanx not only raised eight hundred acres of crops (one item of which was twenty thousand bushels of wheat), but played the profitable *role* of manufacturers for the rapidly settling community around them. It is a fact worthy of notice that through the co-operation of labor within the community, the cost of good board at the palanstery was reduced to *sixty-three cents per week*—that being the average

cost during the year 1845. It is also worthy of notice that, notwithstanding this great economy, the number of families who patronized the common table became less and less, until, in 1848, every family of them kept its own table.

“In fact it became quite perceptible, early in 1848, that the Phalanx was no longer a phalanx. It was dropping apart, gradually but surely. In the first place, the high moral tension which had produced that beautifully harmonious state of feeling described in the extract above cited from the second annual report, seems to have been a relaxed. It appears to have been a condition which human nature is not able to bear continuously for a very long time. To the ‘perfect harmony and concert of action’ which were reported to prevail at first, succeeded a period of dull inaction of the moral functions of the community, which did not even feel equal to the task of providing proper education for the children: and this was never done. After lassitude and indifference in moral and religious matters, came an alarming readiness on the part of some to imbibe all new notions which the period developed. Free love became rampant in certain sections of the country, and a pair of its apostles came to Ceresco and

preached, with very little reserve, their unwholesome doctrines. Spiritualism came next, and Chase became a convert to it. He was deposed from the Presidency in 1847, and was succeeded by Benjamin Wright, a more conservative man. Chase continued to labor for the Phalanx, however, and early in 1848 he published in the *Harbinger*, at New York, eighteen excellent reasons why all the associationists in the country should rally and unite their efforts upon Ceresco, and insure its success as the test experiment of all.

“They did not rally, however. On the contrary, while some of the Harmonists were bickering over little questions of detail, and gradually losing sight of the stupendous plan of their great apostle; while their local leader was putting off for a whole decade the time for their entering upon the first stage of their perfect career; while the more strong-headed or light-headed of the band were alarming the more moderate ones by the boldness of their theories and proposed practices; while the sordid element in the bosoms of all was being quickened by the worldly prosperity of the association; while all this is going on, the Goths and Vandals of what Fourier would call the civilized world, were gathering about and insidiously com-

passing the ruin of Ceresco. A settlement had been made on the hill to the east of the colony, and, in the year 1849, Colonel Mapes, the pioneer and proprietor of the new town, swooped down upon that peaceful village—loveliest of the plain—with a postmasters' commission from President Taylor in his pocket, and bore away the mail-bags and other insignia of office theretofore pertaining to the Phalanx. From that hour the prestige of Ceresco was gone—the more especially as Ripon also offered flouring facilities, and other attractions, for the trade of the surrounding country.

“Notwithstanding all this, the colony might have flourished as producers and special manufacturers like the Shakers and Oneidans of the east, had all been well within their own ranks. That all was *not* well, we have already seen. To cap all, Chase himself, carried away by his new notions, managed by his own adventures, to bring some scandal upon the association ; an indignation meeting was held at Ripon, and *delenda 'est Ceresco* became the watch-word—whether inspired more by local than moral considerations, the writer cannot say. No specific allegations are now made which go to hint—still less to prove—that there was any more immorality in the social intercourse at the colony, than in

any other community of like numbers. Indeed, it was undoubtedly less open to such charges than the average western community. Nevertheless, there was enough to found an outcry upon, and the outcry was raised with vigor.

"The annual report of the Phalanx for 1848, showed a falling off of seventy-two in membership since the previous year, when it had been one hundred and ninety-two; by the end of 1849 the dissolution of the corporation was fully resolved upon, and the members only waited for legal authority from the State before proceeding to disband. This was given in the spring of 1850, and in April of that year, the property was sold and distributed. It had been well husbanded through all, and yielded nearly \$40,000. The members for the most part, remained in the vicinity—many of them on the old grounds. Several of them have occupied with credit, prominent places in the State Legislature and government of Wisconsin. Warren Chase has become a leading itinerant lecturer on spiritualism, with headquarters—and a bookstore—in St. Louis.

"Chroniclers have been at a loss to find a cause for the failure of a scheme of association so successful in outward seeming as the Ceresco

colony was. *Human nature* as the rock on which this fine ship split just as did all other similar argosies bearing the banner of Owen or Fourier. In one case—as at Sylvania—it will appear to be adversity; in another—as at Ceresco—prosperity—which shatters the timbers of the venturesome craft. In either case, however, the cause is the same, viz: the refusal of Human Nature to be dredged or blasted away from its place in the Sea of Life by anybody's patent apparatus. The old rock is right there, where it always was—good to anchor to, but bad to run against.

“The history of Ceresco undoubtedly demonstrated more clearly—because the experiment was more skillfully made—than that of any other socialistic enterprise, the fact that association on Fourier's plan—which is a great improvement upon Owen's—is impracticable when either self-interest or general humanitarian interest, is the principal motive of the associators. Nothing short of religious fanaticism furnishes a cement sufficiently strong to bind a community of the kind permanently together.

CHAPTER VI

FIRST EPISCOPAL CHURCH.

And now a word for the Church. You will see by the following note from the good old Bishop Kemper, how we became possessed of a fine Episcopal Church at Ripon:

“DELAFIELD, Wis., Sept. 14, 1859.

“MY DEAR SIR:

“My excellent friend, Mr. Durlin, will spend next Sunday at Ripon. Please make arrangements so that he can officiate twice. I hope you will be able to secure him as a settled minister, for I have the highest opinion of his zeal, piety and talents.

“Yours very truly,

“JACKSON KEMPER.

“Mr. Mapes, Ripon, Wis.”

The following is an introductory note from the Rev. J. P. S. Ingraham:

“MILWAUKEE, Sept. 16, 1859.

“MY DEAR SIR:

“It gives me pleasure to introduce to

your acquaintance as the pioneer and founder of Ripon, and a good friend of the Church, the Rev. F. Durlin of La Crosse. Mr. Durlin is traveling through your section with our good Bishop, and I most sincerely hope that you will *all* use your influence to induce Mr. Durlin to make Ripon his permanent home. I would not say this, did I not believe Mr. D. to be a man most desirable for the work of the Church in your section. Please exert *your* influence to secure him. Extend to him your usual courtesy to strangers, and you will oblige,

“Very truly your friend,

“J. P. T. INGRAHAM.

“Capt. Mapes, Berlin, Wis.”

The Rev. Mr. Durlin came and most fully carried out the recommendation given by the good old Bishop and Rev. Mr. Ingraham: he never delivered a sermon after he settled with us to which I was not a careful listener, if in town, for I have never heard a man in the sacred desk who filled it as well, according to my views of the profession. He appeared beyond the reach of flattery, but I found an avenue to him in this manner: Upon the occasion of his first sermon, when sent by the Bishop, he preached in the Baptist Church, which had kindly been placed at his

disposal for that occasion. After the services were concluded, I remarked, "Well. Mr. Durlin, by this sermon you have got us into business." Looking up at me for an explanation, he said, "Why, what is the trouble?" "Why," I replied, "this sermon will compel us to build a church." I had struck the right chord. He had been laboring at La Crosse for two years, but could not move the people to build a church, and this was what he had set his heart on, and my remark gave hope that he might here accomplish his favorite theme. I had forgotten this incident until after the church had prospered four years, when Mr. D. recalled it again to memory, and said that he had never forgotten my words upon that occasion. I then saw where I had reached him.

After I had started farming, I went back to the Hudson to bring my mute brother to my home in the West, for my sister had written that he was very unhappy; but when he heard that I was going to take him with me, he was the happiest man I ever saw. I gave him to understand that he and I were joint partners, and all of the property was ours. He would work with interest, for his father had taught him habits of industry, and he was always unhappy when he had nothing to

do. Here, again, let me proffer a little more advice: Parents, teach your children habits of industry, for it is the best thing you can do for them. I had proof of this in my mute brother, who, before he came to live with me, never had the stimulus of accumulating property, but was put to a trade when young, and had kept to work always and had become habituated to it. After he came to live with me, I added the stimulus of acquiring property, and he was the most industrious man I ever saw. I have found that animal man is lazy, the proof of which we have in the native Indian; he will not work, he has no habits of industry, and no pride of accumulation of property. So, parents, teach your children to work if you would not have them lazy Indians—or, what is worse, white trash,—with all of the white man's bad habits. Idleness is the parent of all vices. I look back and say thanks, many thanks to my father for teaching me to be industrious, for in whatever position fortune has placed me labor has been no toil. You never can appreciate the luxury of resting if you are never tired.

In building the first shanty to winter in, I had struck but few blows with the axe before it glanced and cut a bad gash in my foot. I re-

marked to Dr. Spalding, who was with me, that I was in a bad fix, for my wife, who always kept some healing salve, was in Racine, one hundred and twenty miles distant. The Doctor laughed at my faith in my wife and her salve, and said that there were no healing properties in salve, but that he had a needle and white silk and would sew it up and bring the parts together, and nature would do the rest of the work. He did so with good effect, and this was the first intimation I had but that medicines possessed healing properties, notwithstanding I had, many years before, attempted to study medicine, but left it in disgust with my tin trunk of essence.

This brings me and my family out upon the bleak prairie of Green Lake, but I had spent the first winter, with my youngest son, upon those Green Lake borders, having left the remainder of my family at Racine while we prepared a dwelling for them. This first winter had its hardships and its pleasures. Doctor Spalding and myself and son, built a log shanty to winter in, and got out lumber for a better building in the spring. As the Doctor's land adjoined ours, we worked together, boarded in the same shanty, washed our own dishes, and went, with Sat Clark, the Dakins,

and other of the first settlers, to all the parties for miles around, for it took miles of population to make up a party, for the settlers were few and far between.

We had built our house in that beautiful grove east of what is now Ripon, but that spot has had many owners since, among them Mr. Bentley, of hotel fame in Milwaukee. Around this grove we entered our lands and commenced farming, and, as I have heretofore mentioned, our first crop consisted of seven thousand bushels. We continued farming upon this lovely spot from 1845 to 1849. We had a partner in our lands in the person of Captain Lathrop, late of the Mansion House, Albany, New York, and when he came on with his family we divided the two sections of land that we had entered together; Silver Creek or Green Lake Inlet ran through the middle of the tract, and I took the south side, and he the north with the house and grove spoken of, consequently I had to build a house on my section, and, as I had no grove, I erected it by the side of a beautiful spring which gushed out of the dry prairie, on the spot now known as the Thomas Farm, half a mile east of the city of Ripon. My second house looked as though it was out at sea; not a tree, shrub or

plant grew near it, consequently it could be seen for a great distance, and became the stopping-place for all new comers seeking homes, for at that time every one who owned a house, be it ever so humble, had to be a tavern-keeper. A peddler once came to my door and said, "What are you going to do out on this bleak prairie? Are you not afraid of blowing away?" "No," I replied, "the wind does not blow as hard here as in the valley; there the wind is forced through a narrow channel, here it has a chance to spread out." "*Spread out!*" cried he, "you can not make me swallow that." It was new philosophy to him, but it was the best reason I could give. A splendid brick house now stands upon that spot, and fruit trees and ornamental shrubbery serve as barriers against the wind.

The early settler has many a story to tell of privations and hardships endured, but to me it was a round of pleasure. Here we had our fields cleared, stumps out, and meadows ready to cut. The yield per acre was so great that we felt amply repaid for our trouble, but we soon had to submit to lower prices for our crops, for the soil was so productive that we all had a surplus, which had to be taken a great distance by teams to market. As

we had no railroads then, and as the Fox River was unimproved, we depended principally upon selling to new comers.

About the time of starting for Green Lake, or Ripon, as it is now called, I had become acquainted with Mr. Farwell, who was afterwards elected Governor, and he thought of joining me in building a town somewhere in the vicinity of Ripon, and promised to come up from Milwaukee, where he was a hardware merchant, and see the spot which I had chosen. So on a cold winter day when the snow lay deep, he drove up to the door of our shanty and hailed us, but got no response. as we were in the woods hewing timber for the buildings which we intended to erect in the spring. The Governor was accompanied by a friend ~~named~~ named Richardson, whom he had brought to start the first store, and, having come a great distance without refreshment, they wanted their dinner, but the hospitable string to the door was not to be seen, so they shouted to the top of their voices, but without avail. They then searched for the hidden latch-string, which, through Dr. Spalding's ingenuity had been made so long that it reached to the top of the door, and, passing out, displayed but a knot, by which the latch was lifted; this the

Governor discovered by looking through our small glass window, and a close scrutiny revealed the knot, which they lost no time in pulling, and, *open sesame*, the door flew open. They found the table spread with our intended supper, and their appetites had been sharpened to such an extent that they left very little of it for us. They left a card acknowledging the receipt of a good dinner, for which they returned thanks, stating that they had gone to stay over night with the Phalanx, and asking us, upon our return from the woods, to come down and see them. We were well pleased with the card, notwithstanding that, hungry as we were, we had to wait until we had cooked another supper. After a hearty meal we went over to the Phalanx and had a good laugh over their visit. In the morning I took the Governor and his friend to where the city of Ripon now stands and showed them where I proposed to build the city. The snow was two feet deep with a heavy crust which would break at every step, and I saw that the site looked dreary to the Governor, for it was one hundred miles west of Milwaukee, with few settlements between, still they promised to write to me should they conclude to assist in building. They returned to Watertown where they aided in the

erection of the Planters' Hotel, and that, they thought, was as much as they would do in city building. But the Governor had an ambition in that line, which he cured many years afterwards by helping to build up the city of Madison, for judging from my own experience, I fear it did not prove very remunerative to him. But, oh ! there is a glory in doing so much for the public, when they are so full of gratitude, for after the founders of their cities are gathered to their fathers, they may, in a stretch of veneration, help to make respectable processions to their graves, which a good Irish Catholic thinks is of some account, for when he drinks the health of a friend, he says, "Long life to you, and may your funeral be well attended." But why grumble at the public, they did not set us to work, we did it for the reason that we loved to do it. Yes, I have had pretty good pay as I have gone through life in working for the public, aiming to pay one hundred cents to the dollar, and to do good to the generation in which I lived.

I have taken great pleasure in giving young men, whose parents could illy afford to aid them, a start in life. I will here make honorable mention of their names, some of them have fallen

asleep, and others are still living: At Roxbury, New York, I had the first opportunity of aiding young men, and took two brothers, named Calvin and Asa Eaton, to live with me; they came to manhood under my instruction and patronage, and they well deserved all I had done for them, for better men never lived. Here I also started Dubois Burhans, who afterwards represented the county in the Legislature, and became a good business man; he has gone to the other side of the river. Many others have taken their business notions from me, and among them one J. Gould, who has made his mark in the world. While at Carbondale, Pennsylvania, I had the training and starting of J. B. Barlow, Jedediah Bowen, Stewart Barber, the two young Rexfords, and others, and all have acquitted themselves right well; most of them are alive at the present writing, and show a work of which I am not ashamed; of them I would say more, but modesty forbids as most of them still live, and, I hope, continue to be an honor to themselves and to me. God speed them.

After a while, in 1854, I find myself elected a member of the Board of Supervisors from the town of Ceresco, now Ripon, and on meeting with the Board at Fond du Lac, every town being rep-

resented, I found they were all strangers to me. Upon the ballot for chairman I received every vote but my own, and I had cast a blank in order to ascertain who was the most capable member. The Board was composed of Democrats and Whigs, and I was elected to preside over them without preference to party, but I found my account in it, for when I wanted the post office removed from Ceresco to Ripon the Whigs were in power, and I, being a Democrat, wanted their assistance and then found them my friends owing to my liberal course in the Board of Supervisors. I have ever found that it costs nothing to be civil in our intercourse with the world. We succeeded in having our man appointed postmaster, and the post office was removed, and its name changed, from Ceresco to Ripon. But the Fouriers came down gracefully; they formed a funeral procession and marched from Ceresco to Ripon with the post office effects, thereby turning it into a good joke on Ceresco. While speaking of the post office, I will continue its history still further. Time rolled on and, after four years, brought another change in politics, and the Democrats again came into power. Ceresco then hoped to regain the post office, and William Starr, who had been dis-

placed for the Whig Lathrop, exerted himself to be reinstated, but your humble writer was also a Democrat and put in his claim, and the race for the office commenced with Starr and Mapes as contestants. Both claimed to be Democrats, and as the incoming administration of Pierce had the distribution of the patronage,—to us, who were starting rival towns, the post office was of great importance,—Mr. Starr started for Washington by way of Madison, where the Legislature was in session, in order to get the signatures of the Democratic members to his petition, while I started for the same place by way of the United States Senators and Congressmen, whom I had found to be the “friends at court” that I needed. I had also the friendship of the Assistant Postmaster General, Major S. R. Hobbie, whom I had helped get to Congress several years before. I had the signatures of both Senators Dodge and Walker, and all Congressmen from our State, to my petition before Starr had secured his Assemblymen. We met at Washington. When I showed my papers to Major Hobbie he said, “You are all right; you can go home and, when the time comes, your commission will be sent to you.”

Mr. Starr, and his then friend Temple Clark,

remained at Washington for months, sending back to Starr's clerk in his store, for papers against my character, but with all they looked up or manufactured against me it done them no good, and this same clerk is now the postmaster of Ripon, but not by the aid of Starr, his former employer. The post-office at Ripon has always been a source of contention; it has now got to be worth the strife we made for it at its commencement. On the day that Starr and his friend Clark returned from Washington, my commission came in by mail, and my Ripon friends were in high spirits. I held the office until I could make some addition to my growing town. About this time who should look in upon us with a view of settling in town, but A. M. Skeels, from Northern New York. I promised him that I would resign as postmaster, in his favor, if he would come amongst us as one of our merchants. He came well recommended as a business man, and said he was a democrat, so I resigned in his favor, and his democracy held out as long as the Democratic administration lasted, but it gave out when the administration changed. He made a good officer. After this Jedediah Bowen was appointed, and a most worthy officer he was; but the then party in power, brought the charge

against Bowen that he affiliated too much with the Democrats; that he would condescend to sit in his office and chat with his old friend and patron Capt. Mapes, who was a democrat, and Bowen resigned, for he did not find anything in the post office regulations against his being civil to everybody, Republicans or Democrats. So much for present Post Office. Jedediah Bowen has since his resignation as postmaster, been elected to the legislature, and a good and worthy member he made, showing that the people were with him if he was civil to both parties. He it was that I gave the start at Carbondale, and he it is that has done more than any other man in Ripon to forward all of its enterprises, and without him Ripon would not be the town it now is. In him the College has found one of its best helpers all the way through. Ripon, you may be proud of your Bowen; success does not make him vain nor forget to be grateful.

Wisconsin was created a Territory in 1836, and was admitted into the Union as a State in 1848. At the first State Democratic caucus for the nomination of Presidential electors and State officers. I was a member, and when they nominated Dewey, for Governor, and Doctor Darling for Congressman

from this district, they also nominated your writer for a Presidential elector, and, as the State was then Democratic, we were all elected, and I had to saddle one of my ponies and go over the then wide prairies to Madison to attend the convention. I was proud to associate with the men I met at Madison, for they would well compare with any assemblage of men I had ever met with; there I found many whom I had met with at Albany, for at that time the population was largely made up from the State of New York and New England States, but of late our population has had a large sprinkling from all parts of Europe and the whole world beside, to the great detriment of the rising generations, for the emigrant has brought with him his notions of industry and frugality, and as we meet and mingle we improve, so let them come and welcome and we will marry our daughters to their sons and our sons to their daughters, (of the same color) but no other mingling, and a most noble race will we have on this our American soil.

And now that the country was almost all bought up and being made into farms, and the soil so productive, that a large surplus was accumulating without means to get it to market, especially that which was grown in the interior of the state, back

from the lakes, and some means had to be devised to get our grain to market, for it used it all up to draw it by teams; and who but a Wisconsin man would have got it in his brain to have thought of the plan that a Mr. Goodrich, of Rock County, did. As I am told, he proposed—when every every other mode was tried and failed and we had sent our best financiers east to raise money to build railroads—we, in this State, had started one road west from Milwaukee, but had not built it but a few miles when the means gave out, and something must be done, and the friends of the road were in council—and this Mr. Goodrich of Milton Junction comes forward with his plan and says to his fellows I will mortgage my farm, and on that we can raise money East, but others must do the same. And from this started the idea of the farm mortgage system as it is called, and by this system the first road was got through from the Lakes to the Mississippi, with many branches, and all agoing before we could make eastern capitalists believe in our ability to pay them. And was this not a bold undertaking for a farmer to put a mortgage on his home to help build a public railroad? But it would not have been so bad had they all went into it, but no, there is always a part in a

community that stands back and the more liberal do the work while the wise ones reap the benefit equal with their more public spirited neighbors who brings about the improvements that enhances the value of his farm one half; and all the close-fisted farmer does is to sit and chuckle over his meanness, for says he, I have got the road and did not give a mortgage; you, he says, you were not smart as he calls it. But so has it ever been and ever will be. But I ask to have those boasting men that think they are so smart to be marked by the coming generation, and say to them you have reaped where you did not sow, and of such let the world keep aloof; they are not good citizens.

In this chapter on railroads I may as well say how I served in my time and age. When the farm mortgage system of road making got under way it occurred to me that we could get out from Horicon over to Ripon in that way, so we enlisted under J. B. Smith, Joseph Vleit and Daniel Richards to get the Horicon Road to and through our town, and to accomplish this their must be mortgages got, so I commenced by giving a mortgage on our own homestead, and went out to make school-house speeches to induce the farmer to give his mortgage. And we had deacons and judges

to go with us and back us up and say "we have given our mortgage and we would not have done it if we had not faith in it that all will be right." And it was all right if it had all been carried out agreeable to the original plan—and we were successful in converting many to the faith, for Deacon Clinton and Judge Rose was good talkers, and it was said that I was not tongue-tied; but the mortgages were got, the road built and running, property rose in value, towns grew up with a general prosperity through the country, and we who gave our mortgages and paid them without getting any stock in the roads in return, know that the county is largely indebted to us, for thus early in its settlement, being able to bring it about. Now after we had got the road so that we could carry off produce to market we wanted the road so extended to the pine regions north, to get the pine lumber on the Wolf river, where it grew, and have it floated down. Now a town had grown to some account on that river called Oshkosh. They had mills and wanted a market, and to that town, we of Ripon, proposed to join and build a road. Arrangements were entered into to vote their bonds, Oshkosh voted a hundred thousand dollars, Ripon seventy-five thousand, and other stock was taken to

build the road, and a day set to meet at Oshkosh to make a permanent organization. But disappointment is the common lot of all men. When we, of Ripon, got to Oshkosh we found that Wm. B. Ogden had proceeded us one day and had prevailed on the Oshkosh common council to rescind their vote of one hundred thousand dollars to the Ripon Road and vote it to the Northwestern Road, which at this time had got as far north as Fond du Lac, and which Ogden promised to extend to their place sooner than we could; and this he made them believe. But we had a large meeting in one of their halls and had the matter talked over; but when a Ripon man would attempt to speak, the hired bullies for the Northwestern interest, would hiss him down if possible. But I got up on one of the seats and spoke at the top of my voice, saying "hear me for one minute and I will sit down." The request was so modest that the chairman gave me a hearing, and it was to this effect: "Gentlemen of Oshkosh, we of Ripon know where the pine lumber grows and we know the nearest route to it, you will hear from us again." So our courtship broke off without a marriage and we started for home.

We started a Ripon delegation for Madison, as

the Legislature was in session, and asked for a railroad, to be called the Ripon and Wolf River Railroad, and our request was granted. The road was to commence at or near Ripon, to run from thence to Wolf River, and up said river. This would give us the pine lumber at Winneconne, with as short a road as to Oshkosh, and would dispense with all the tug-boats; and, as we had no land grants or Credit Mobilier, we had to take the new and novel mode of farm mortgages. My eldest son was a civil engineer, and I set him at work making surveys while I disposed of the stock, a sufficient amount of which was taken to have built the road, had the proceeds been in Government bonds, but at that time they were not so plenty, and it was mostly in farm mortgages instead, which would not pass at par. We then made a contract with a party to grade and tie the road through to Winneconne. He had the pile of mortgages before him and commenced and graded a few miles, but the times of 1847 were hard on the finances of the country, and he backed out of the contract, and taking pay out of the pile of mortgages for what he had done, left us to finish it as best we could.

Many amusing incidents occurred while dispos-

of the stock and building this road. A party of us started out to go over the country through which the road was to pass. It consisted of G. N. Lyman, Jedediah Bowen, G. N. Barnum, Ransom Smith (who was here on a visit from New York city to his son-in-law, Major Bovay,) and myself; Ransom Smith we called our Eastern capitalist, and the rest were speakers before we got through. We were met from the villages on the route by committees, who had the crowds out at Omro, Winneconne, New London and Weyauwega, all enthusiasm, all full of hope and expectation of a road at once. And this party meets occasionally and a good laugh is the consequence, for looking back now and seeing how little we had to base our hopes upon of a road, the country being new and undeveloped, it is laughable. But time, patience and perseverance accomplishes all things, and this is demonstrated in one of the committee who came down to take us up to his place in 1856, and now, in 1873, he is the president of a road built and running into his Town of New London, in the person of President Ketchum of the Green Bay and Lake Pepin Road. This road comes from an other way than he hoped to get through to us. But hope on, our road will come yet, for the St.

Paul Railway Company should put that link in at once, for it is much needed ; but we worked on with labor and means until we had about exhausted both strength and means and finally got it graded and tied through from Rush Lake Junction to Winneconne, and we then started with the road all paid for but the iron, and we made a first mortgage bond on our road to purchase the iron. We had a contract with the Horicon Railroad Company to run our road for us when ironed, but when we got our bonds and went East to purchase the iron we found we could not do nothing with them; for it was in 1857, when Western bonds were worth but little, and our road a short one, and after staying months came home discouraged ; but we made one more trial and went to Pennsylvania, at Johnstown, where the iron is made. We proposed to purchase our iron, or as much as would iron the road to Omro. That would reach to the Fox River, and then after the road had got under operation it might earn the remainder to reach to Wolf River. We could get the iron by paying one-fourth of the purchase money down and the remainder the President and Directors must give their own notes, to show their faith in the road. The notes we could give much easier

.

than we could raise the ten thousand dollars, as the whole would cost about forty thousand.

We came back and proposed to show to the business men of Milwaukee that this road, when completed and in running order, would directly cut off the trade that went to the Northwestern road and bring it to their city. The Chamber of Commerce and Merchants' Association called a meeting in order that we might be heard on the subject, and, after we had our say, they appointed a committee to treat with us. Our proposition to was to borrow from their business men the sum of ten thousand dollars, for which we would give our first mortgage bonds on the road in the proportion of two dollars to one; they gave the amount, each merchant stating upon the paper what part he would take. After we had paid for the iron as agreed, it was shipped to Milwaukee, and upon its arrival another difficulty presented itself for it had incurred a freight bill of one thousand dollars, and there was no money in the company's treasury. Even had we paid for this freight bill, we would have had to provide means for laying the iron. We dare not go back to the Milwaukee merchants and ask for more aid, for they done all they had agreed, and a most liberal spirit they

manifested. Finally I returned and called upon Lester Sexton, unto whom I told our trouble, and he said, "You must have the iron; make a mortgage on some of your Ripon property." This I did not want to do, as I was selling my lots in Ripon and building up the city and it would not do to encumber them, so I proposed to give him a mortgage upon my homestead, which he accepted, and I received the money for the freight. I then saw Mr. Higby who agreed to load the iron into the cars for one hundred dollars. We now went to work laying the track and got it all down but two car loads, and these were held by Higby until his one hundred dollars were paid; so this sum had to be raised, and the question was how shall we do it? Reader, you may think that this is a small story for railroad men to tell, but we had exhausted our resources, and had no Congress, no land grant, no mobilier—nothing to fall back on. The country was poor in everything but her soil, and that we had mortgaged in order to advance the road thus far. I taxed my brain to its utmost capacity to devise a method by which to raise this one hundred dollars, and finally hit upon this plan. We made ten notes in sums of ten dollars, each to be paid in a car load of wood containing seven

cords to be delivered in Ripon as soon as the road was in running order, which it was expected to be in a week or so. These notes I took to the two banks then at Ripon, and they went like hot cakes. I believe the banks hold those notes against the Ripon and Wolf River Railroad to this day, as the wood was growing in the forest at Omro at the time they were negotiated, and the Company has not cut much wood or run much of a railroad since, for the Horicon Company failed and the road was sold to the Milwaukee and St. Paul Railroad. But I little regretted this loss to my bankers, for with all my solicitations for aid for a road which would have brought them all their lumber, and which would have done more to build up their city than any other one road, we had never received a dollar in Ripon, except from G. N. Lyman and J. Bowen. Yes, the one hundred dollars which we received for that wood at the low price at which it was offered, was all Ripon gave, yet they voted seventy-five thousand dollars to build the Oshkosh road. I believe the city has since given fifteen thousand dollars for another Oshkosh railroad without deriving any commercial advantages from it, not even sufficient to compensate her for the trade which she has lost

in consequence of little towns springing up along the line; but I think that Oshkosh has heard from that Ripon delegation by this time, for they had to build their Ripon road themselves, less the fifteen thousand dollars above mentioned. They were compelled to build it, for the Ripon and Wolf River Railroad together with the St. Paul road connected with all the railroads leading west, the market where all of the Wolf River lumber had to go to. Oshkosh must either build a road to Ripon, or move her mills to Winneconne. She chose to build the road, as she had the homes of her mill men already built, and it would cost her more to move them than it would to build the road; but I am not sure but what it would have been better for her to have done that, for that would have dispensed with her fleet of tug boats, which they have to keep to tow their logs down from Winneconne to Oshkosh, and then when they were just as near market as they were when they left Winneconne. But so much for the far seeing men of Oshkosh, of 1856; but in 1872 they were thoroughly aroused, and built a road to Ripon, and gave it to the St. Paul R. R., still keeping their tug boats going, while it could all have been done at Winneconne, and saved the ex-

pense of building the road, and of keeping the tug boats in operation. So much for Oshkosh to this date ; I may have something farther to say hereafter.

In the the matter of town buildings, it has had its difficulties, as well as in railroad building, and without them what is life. Town proprietors are called on and expected to aid in every enterprise. Churches, schools, roads, and everything that goes to make a live town, the proprietor is expected to lead in. So I gave the ground for all the churches, and colleges in Ripon, and also helped to build them. But I would not join all of the churches, even had I been found worthy, besides it would have been very expensive to have assisted in running them all. As to my fitness to join ; I was asked to by many, and my reply in most cases was, that if I joined one the others would not like it, and I had in early life joined the fraternity of Masons, and was persecuted for that. So I have thus far kept out of the churches, except as a regular attendant at some one of the different denominations, hoping some day to find out what could be found out on the subject of religion. I have, in my after life, read all that I could find to read on the subject, to find out, or get some evi-

dence that we shall live again in a better world, and it would be, to a deserving man, a great solace through this life of tribulation, if he could get together evidences in his mind that he is to have a glorious future. But I have my mind made up on that subject, and if I should disclose what that is, it might make or shake a faith, and that I do not want to do, for I do believe there is a great number, without hypocrisy, believe that they will meet all of their departed friends who have gone before them,

I know that I have a dear sister who most fully believes that she will be made happy in that meeting beyond the grave; I pray that it may be so. But if I have not at this late period of life got my mind made up, it would be proof that I was too stupid and not worth the labor of attempting to convert. But this much I do believe, that the power that brought me into this state of existence will do what is right in the matter, and to that power I surrender myself, trusting that all will be well in the end. I was brought up by Baptist parents and taught in the doctrine of Calvin, and I know all the parts of the scriptures that my father use to urge to sustain that doctrine; and he made himself believe that it was the true doc-

trine. But I made up my mind long ago not to discuss the subject. A man's belief is his as much as his coat, and I would not take either from him if I could. But if a man thinks himself wise on those subjects let him prostrate himself on the earth and look up to the heavens and see all of those bright stars in the arch of blue above, then look back on all he has got from books, and then ask himself, "what do I know of all this beautiful structure above and about me?" Will it not humble him to think how little he really knows? At least it has that effect on me. Even ask the most learned astronomer what the sun is made of, and what answer can he make?

In the course of this history I have alluded to a mute brother, who had to live with me, and helped, by his labor, to build up the City of Ripon; and here he labored daily; and he had become so attached to my wife, by her kind care of him, that it deserves a passing note, for he had had a step-mother the most of his life, or until he came to live with me, and he found that my wife looked after his every want, and a growing attachment sprang up between them. He would not let her lift her hand to do a chore about the house, for he would fly and do it himself; and she found

out he was very particular how his linen and clothes were done up, for he was a proud man, and the Sabbath day would always find him at church, and always well dressed. He would often call my attention to the care and pains my wife took of his clothes, and it was with the greatest pleasure that he showed me the difference between this and the way his step-mother used to do. And they were happy, each to serve the other. But then comes the death scene; he must die. But he had lived to the age of over 70 years, and was always healthy. But one night, after he had done every chore about the house, as he was wont to do, my wife discovered that he did not appear well, and she said: "Harry is not well; he looks pale and puts his hand to his heart and shows he has a pain there." I thought he only had a severe cold, and I told my wife so; but she discovered something was the matter, and she said; "I shall not go to bed; poor Harry is sick, and I shall look after him;" and she did so. She nursed him all night, and in the morning he dropped to sleep, and she left the room for awhile. Our carpenter, a Ned Rogers, who slept in the room, called to Mrs. Mapes, and said: "Harry is fainting!" Mrs. Mapes ran to the bed; he had

attempted to get up; he looked at her with a smile, as he always did, then laid back, folding his hands across his breast, looked at her again and said: "God bless you; you have always done all you could for me," as well as a look and a smile could say it, and expired without a struggle. Before I could get into the room he was dead. He is buried by the side of my wife, whom he loved so well, in our family grounds in Ripon.

I will relate an incident to show how the growth of Ripon was accomplished. I had commenced to build and had a mill, a public house and a store or two, and I was soliciting every man that passed through the village (that I thought would be a good business man) to stop and help build us up. G. N. Lyman had passed through on his way to Berlin, and had made a commencement there by building a store and filling it with goods and getting lumber to supply a yard. I said to Lyman, "you have mistaken your point in going to Berlin, this is the spot, we have the water power and are in the midst of a fine farming country." His reply was, "your town will never amount to a row of pins." But I saw that I had made him listen to my story, for he came to me and said, "what do you ask for your business lots," so I took him

out on the plat and showed him the lots, and when he had selected one he took a gold watch out of his pocket and said "I will give you that for the lot" I said to my son "make him out a deed," for I knew that if you wanted a man to talk for a place you must make him interested in the place. But what I said to him about the town did not affect him as much as a bargain that followed this.

There came to Ripon, a few days after this, two good business men, seeking a location for business. One was a dry goods and the other a hardware merchant. They were pleased with the place but found no stores, and they told me they would come to Ripon if they could find accomodations for their business. I told them that if they would each advance one year's rent I would build them a store and have it completed in sixty days. They said that as soon as they could get a stock of goods from New York, they would; "but what kind of a store will you build in that short time, and what rent will you ask?" "I will build you two good stone stores, 60x24 feet, and have a public hall over them and charge for each \$250." And the bargain was made, binding myself to have them done in time or pay five dollars per day for every day's delay. But now for the loca-

tion of the store; no lot would suit but the one that I had sold a few days before to G. N. Lyman, and he was at his home in Sheboygan, so I wrote to him asking his lowest cash price for it. The watch which he had given for the lot was worth about fifty dollars, but his price was two hundred and fifty, and, as I had no other alternative, I paid it; the stores had to be built, for I so contracted. But Lyman was converted to Ripon, and property advanced at such a rate that within six months I sold him more than ten thousand dollars worth of real estate. The stores were built in time and filled with goods, and the hall over them completed. At that time it was called Henton Hall, since City Hall, and is now converted into a large furniture wareroom. When the hall was completed, we marked the floor off into twelve circles for cotillion sets, and had an opening, selling one hundred tickets at two dollars and fifty cents each. By this transaction we received seven hundred and fifty dollars in advance for the stores and hall, and this went far towards paying the first cost of the building.

It is interesting to the pioneers to get together and talk over the early scenes of the settlements. We also used to have our yearly festivals at which

we usually had a good and sociable time. On one of these occasions I was requested to give a history of the first twenty years of the settlement, which I prepared and read at one of our meetings. The address was published in the Ripon Commonwealth, and found its way to all parts of the country and to Europe. It was published in a Belfast (Ireland) newspaper, which commented at length upon it and tried to explain unto the people of Belfast how we built cities and improved the country in this our American world. Another copy found its way to California, where it fell into the hands of James Tombs who was then living there with his family; they had been among the very first settlers about Ripon, and to them, amid the golden mountains of the Pacific coast and far from their old friends, it was particularly interesting. They read it over and over again, and finally resolved to return to the country which I had so fully described, and back they came. As I had moved a short distance out of town they failed to meet me until some time after their return, but Mrs. Tombs espied me on the street one day, and sent for me to come to the Mapes House, where they were then boarding. When I arrived, she said, "Now I feel as if I had got back to Ripon.

It was not Ripon without Captain Mapes. Yes, Captain, that address of yours, which was published in the Commonwealth, brought us back, and here we are going to stay; the little girl standing before you is to be educated here if she lives. I read the address to our men every Sunday until I got them started, and now we have bought a delightful home here." Thus is Ripon indebted to the Captain for one more good inhabitant, for such they have always been.



CHAPTER VIII.

MY SPEECH AT THE PIONEER FESTIVAL.

The following is the lecture delivered before the pioneers of Ripon, at Opera Hall, Tuesday evening October 8, 1870.

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN:—I claim to be the founder of this fair and beautiful City of Ripon. It is my child, born of my loins and brain. This child has now reached the years of manhood, it is precisely twenty-one years old, and at such a time it is not out of place for father and child to talk together, so I claim the privilege of talking to you this evening. It is a wise child that knows its father, and, in order that you may be wise, it is proper that in commencing what I have to say at this time I should give you a brief history of myself, and that will tell how I came to be father of so promising a child.

Your speaker was born on the banks of the Hudson River; resided there until twenty years old, and then went to live with a brother-in-law—

who was father of your J. B. Barlow,—in Delaware County, New York, fifty miles west of the place of my birth and boyhood, hiring out to him at eight dollars per month as clerk in his store and general helper upon his farm. I served him faithfully and to the best of my ability for two years and a half, when I went into business with him as a partner. In about a year he died, leaving me to go on alone. I there sold goods in a country store, made potash, and made improvements for twelve years. At the same time I got up such a popularity that, in 1831, I was elected to the State Legislature. How strange are the vicissitudes of life! My competitor in this election was William B. Ogden, the great railroad king and millionaire; he was a strong and popular opponent, but I beat him easy. That winter, while at Albany, I became one of a lumber company that purchased a tract of pine land in Pennsylvania, near Carbondale. We there built mills, made lumber, sold goods, and made some money. From Carbondale I went to the city of New York in the spring of 1836, and there opened a yard for the sale of lumber. I was very successful the first year; but the next year (1837) was the great financial crash, when every bank in the United

States failed, and in that crash went all I had made, except about six thousand dollars. With this money I went to steamboating on the Hudson River—following it for seven years with great success—and this is why they call me Captain; my military title is Major. But now again came misfortune, by the sinking of a boat in which I had put my all. I was once more in the world with nothing but health and energy. This was in 1844. Gathering up the fragments of the wreck, and taking with me my family, I came West in search of that which was lost. You ask me did I find it? My answer is, that I did not find riches, but I found a substitute—I found the *Garden of Eden*. It took a great deal of travel from East to West and from West to East; but in 1845 I *did* find it, and when found I moved right into it—right here in the midst of these beautiful and fertile prairies and openings—right here upon the banks of your beautiful Silver Creek.

After about four years spent in cultivating this fruitful soil and improving the waste that lay upon your broad and beautiful prairies, I purchased of the owners, Governor Horner and family, the property upon which the heart of your beautiful and prosperous city is situated, extending

from the railroad bridge to the Cresco mill-pond—a spot which was, in its state of nature, the fitting center of that Garden of Eden. Those of you who were here early enough to have seen it as nature made it, with its silvery creek leaping and jumping over rock and gravel, between its sloping green banks, and skirted with its handsome groves upon hills and in valleys, will, along with me, remember its great beauty with almost a regret that it must make way for your present splendid improvements, your princely stores, your gorgeous palaces, and the activity of an energetic go-ahead city.

In February, 1849, myself and sons came upon this beautiful spot with axes in hand, to strike the first blows which were to change this beauty of nature into a town, which, with your help, is a beautiful specimen of the work of man. The boys could not resist that feeling for the beautiful, which made them regret the necessity of spoiling so perfect a picture, and I was as soft in my feelings as they, but man must labor, and must earn his bread by the sweat of his brow—the axe must go to the tree—felling must yield to utility! Then and there I struck the blow which began your city! Then and there, twenty-one years ago, at

the age of fifty-one years, *I begot Ripon!* This is your genealogy.

I purchased these grounds with certain conditions, some of which were that I should build a grist-mill and public house within a year, and that I should keep the house myself for one year. I was to have the water-power and every alternate lot. This called for an outlay of at least ten thousand dollars, and was a big undertaking, for what few dollars I had were in wild lands around what is now your city and the improvements I had been able to make; but the mill was completed, the house built, and all running on time! This hotel was called the Ripon House, then the American, and is now Woods' Hotel.

When the house was finished we had to give an opening party, (for this was the custom in those days,) and it was a great event. The parties in those days were social, and brought great good feeling, extending acquaintances and making friendships over a large section of country; people came from great distances to meet each other and find neighbors. At this party, Algoma and Oshkosh had their Spalding, Butrick, Mills, Wolsey and others; Rosendale her Col. Pinkney and others; Green Lake her Horner; Berlin, Sat.

Clark, Dakins, and others, and so on, from far and near, they came in hosts, all doing credit to themselves and the occasion. Some of the fruits of these parties were matrimonial. Col. Buttrick of Milwaukee here met the belle of Green Lake,—Miss Fanny Berlin—the result was matrimony; and I suppose many other families might trace their origin to the Ripon House opening.

It was no boy's job to make this a town to equal or outdo its neighbors; all of them had two, three, or more years the start of us. We were on no navigable waters, we then had no railroads, and this little stream, although so beautiful, was small for a water-power; but by *talking* water into the stream, and giving away about all of my lots, I induced settlers to come and commence, and we—you and I—have gone on and made it the center of trade for this rich and fertile country.

One of our first and best efforts was to commence a college. We were then laughed and jeered at for calling it a college, but how is it now? I think it is worthy of the name, and of all the effort we made to get it. When Ripon had not a dozen dwellings, we put up and enclosed the first college building, and your speaker was President of the first institution, so you see I *have*

held office, an old Democrat, in this Republican town. Our object was to draw around us a class of inhabitants that would have the pride to educate their children, and they would be good for every good work. But it was a great undertaking; the country so new, the settlers so poor; and we had to resort to every honorable means to induce them to take hold. I well remember our getting up a Fourth of July celebration so as to get the people together. We were all too poor to pay fifty cents for a dinner, so we made it a pic-nic, and they came out in crowds. Mr. Starr, myself, and others, spoke to them of the advantages of a college, waking up their interest nobly. With an old fife and drum at the head, we formed in procession, and worked up such an enthusiasm that everyone was for doing all he could. One farmer got so enthusiastic that he left the ranks and, running ahead, whispered in my ear, "Captain, send down your teams to-morrow, and I will give three thousand feet of clear lumber." I am sorry to acknowledge that our conversion of this particular man did not hold out, for when I sent the teams, the next day, they came back with five hundred feet of common boards, showing that his faith had dropped down, but hosts of liberal men took hold

and hung fast. We started our college as a liberal, not sectarian, institution, and afterwards found that this would not do. The Methodists had started a college at Appleton, and their circuit ministers were selling scholarships to our neighbors; so we offered our grounds and building to any orthodox church that would take it and make a permanent school of the highest order. The Congregational Church, through Mr. Walcott, took it, and most nobly are they carrying out their agreement.

Upon the occasion of the celebration I have just been speaking of, in my speech I took occasion to say to the young ladies present that they ought not to receive the addresses of any young man who would not aid us with our college, "for he is not fit to be your husband or the father of your children." Some censured me for this, but that was twenty years ago, and the number of scholars under twenty now in attendance, are witnesses of the wisdom of the remark. May children continue to be born to fill the halls of this noble institution, and may its teachings always do those children good!

A newspaper was another item in your progress which required effort and labor to establish, and

without this you might still have been a four corners. We made many efforts to get a printer among us, to take notes and print them, but without success until, in 1853, one of our own number (A. P. Mapes) was induced to start the Herald, and blow a horn for Ripon. The Herald was the foundation of your Press—the Commonwealth is its successor. Since it started we have had one or two papers up to this time; we have had a Times, a Spur, a Star, and several others, and they have generally been conducted with ability. Among the earlier editors were Judge Runnals, C. J. Allen, T. J. Mapes, and George W. Parker.

Twenty-one years ago we had no churches. Episcopal services by the Rev. Mr. Ingraham, of Dartford, were sometimes held in a shanty on the bank of Silver Creek; and occasionally the Rev. Mr. Murphy, of Waupun, held Baptist services. He preached at Ceresco, to the Wisconsin Phalanx; but the Phalanx, through their President, Mr. Warren Chase, had to report to the Governor of the State yearly, and in his report Mr. Chase says, “We have religious services by the Baptists, but not of that high order that the people were prepared to appreciate”—Elder Murphy preached no more. That admirable system of the Metho-

dist Church, by which their circuit ministers travel between rich and poor settlements, and can get out of the poor into the rich before he starves, is an excellent arrangement, for which all new settlements should thank them. To this system we were also indebted for occasional religious services. These were our religious opportunities for some years; now we have eight fine church edifices, and I hope all well filled.

Twenty-one years ago where your Public Square now is was brush and underwood. Twenty-one years ago the population of what was then Ripon consisted of your speaker and his family and his two sons and their families. Then came the Pedricks, father and sons; then E. L. Northrop and wife, as a merchant, and with them, as a clerk, E. P. Brockway, now the President of the First National Bank; then Asa Hill and family, whose sons are your Hill Brothers. Then—well, they came so fast after this that I can't follow them, but it was from these first settlers that our big help in energy and liberality came.

There are two more notable characters in our early history that I must mention: Our first doctor, whose name was Whitcomb—he made some very *critical* operations on his patients; (of

these, however, I had better speak when we are alone)—then, there was Sebastian Shanks, a German shoemaker. Him we made our first high marshall. These, together with the Phalanx, of about 20 families, in the valley below, constituted the entire population of what is now your city; but I suppose you now count 5000 or 6000—I judge so from the vote you polled some years since on the county division question, and *of course it has increased since then!* That vote—925—I *recollect that*, but have not had much to do with voting since then—so I have to go back to them for figures.

Twenty-one years ago, your township, post office and the first ward of your city was called Ceresco—now it is all Ripon. Some may ask why these names, and why this change? Ceresco was the name given to the entire township, by the Wisconsin Phalanx, an association that had settled in the valley below, the year before I came to it; and who had control of all town matters in its earliest days. And let me here say, that the great unpopularity that became attached to this name, grew out of a misapprehension of the Phalanx, its objects, management, and of its members. A better population of that number you will seldom

find, and some of your very *best* citizens of to-day were of that institution.

Ripon was at first the name of but a part of your city, and did not reach outside of it; it originated in this way: At the time I purchased of Governor Horner, he asked the privilege of giving the name to our embryo city. This I granted with restrictions. First, that it should not be a personal name. Second, that it should not be like any other name in the United States; for I had seen great confusion in locating towns of similar names. Third, that it should not be an Indian name, for our State was then being covered all over with *Waus*, and similar names, that were perfectly confounding to strangers. And lastly, that the name should be short. The Governor's ancestors came from Ripon, in England; that name he selected, and as it came within all the restrictions, I adopted it as the name for this center. And afterwards, when the early strifes had died out, and a name common to all was wanted, Ripon was adopted as not having the unpopularity attached to it as there was to Ceresco, but was associated with the idea of progress, and otherwise popular. Ripon and Ceresco were married in interest and feeling. Ripon being the man in the match, covered the bride with its name.

Twenty-one years ago you had no Railroad—except some of basswood, with the *rails* running the wrong way—and if you made the trip to and from Milwaukee in a week, you were fast. But now you make the trip in one day, and grumble because it's slow. Now, without labor or fatigue you may go west to California, east to Maine or sunrise, south to the Gulf of Mexico, and north by railroad and river 100 miles into the heart of your lumber region. But to accomplish this you had to mortgage your farms; yes, and to *pay* your mortgages without anything in return, except the *benefit* and a clear conscience from knowing that you have all done your duty—that is, some of you have done this, whilst others stood back and chuckled over the event and never gave one cent. But hold! I come to *praise*, not to *censure*. You did not pay for admittance here to be found fault with, and if I have a chapter of censure I will reserve it for another day. It is not expected that you can all be saints—your sinners—well, I will put *them* in my book.

Twenty-one years ago you had one small store, 12x16—Starr & Rounds—and in that same small building was your post-office. This present season you have built between 20 and 30 stores of

stone and brick—splendid buildings, that would be an ornament to any city. Twenty-one years ago you had no halls; now you have four, three public and one private—all doing great credit to your town. The public halls you may name; the private one I will—*Jo Hall!*

Twenty-one years ago you had no manufactories—now you have several carriage and wagon shops, turning out work in large quantities and of superior quality. You are making a great many agricultural implements, (but not near enough;) and you have a machine shop and foundry, which, from a small beginning, has grown to be an institution you should foster and be proud of—and you have some others. But let me here say, that upon this question of manufacturing, much of the future growth of Ripon depends; you must give men something to do if you wish to keep them in town. Go to manufacturing. He who works himself, and helps his fellow to work, and gets his pay, is the great man.

Twenty-one years ago you had a small grist mill—at Ceresco—now you have at least one large one and at one time we had five flouring mills on the stream; we also had at one time, a woolen mill,

but that, except what is left as a brewery, has gone into the mills.

The question is frequently asked, why these diagonal streets? The answer is, that I laid out the town at right angles, with the cardinal points of the compass; but the Phalanx then held the town offices and town power, and they had laid out these angling roads and would not change them. We had our town to build then, and could not wait to out-vote them, so had to submit to the "powers that be." But that inconvenience is probably more than compensated for, by the fact that these same men extended their angling roads far into the country in every direction, and made the distances into Ripon the shorter for it; besides, Philadelphia, with its square corners is only a second-class city, whilst New York, the great city, is full of just such three cornered blocks as yours, and like you, makes the best of it, by building on them noble and ornamental buildings.

I have spoken of giving away lots, to induce settlers to come in. The first three of these were: to E. L. Northrop, a lot upon the east side of the public square; this lot, without buildings, is now worth at least, \$7,500, and was given upon condition that he kept a stock of goods one year. To

the Pedricks, the lot where Coe & Corbit are now selling goods ; this lot, in its naked state, is now worth at least \$8,000, and was given on condition of the building and painting of a two story house. To Alexander Beardsley, a lot east of the American House, upon condition of building a stone blacksmith shop—the one that is there now—and I might go on and tell you of a great many more, if I had the time, but I have not. They have all received their deeds and a good title from me, and, I am glad to say, made money out of them.

Twenty years ago you had no fire companies, and no fires except the prairies on fire. Up to the time I left here—a year ago last September—we never had a fire, except Dobb's small barn; but since then you have been getting ambitious in that line, and have had several that would do credit to any town. Now you have fire companies and engine houses, somewhere in town, I suppose, but I have not seen them.

Twenty-one years ago the naked prairies was your only race-course and fair grounds, and there was no association to run them. But now you have a beautiful driving park and fair ground, with fine enclosure, track, stands, buildings and everything complete ; but above all, two hundred stock-

holders—two hundred as live men as ever associated in any enterprise. The organization of this association, and the getting up of its grounds and buildings in thirty days, and the extraordinary success of its undertakings for the last four years cannot be surpassed—I don't believe it can be equalled. These two hundred men are just as liberal, go-ahead, energetic men as they make. And it is to these, and to others like them, that your town owes most for its prosperity. I never asked one of the two hundred to take stock but what he took it. I have often been asked how we got together such a set of men in and about Ripon. The answer is, that I had a net set here at Ripon, to stop the big ones and let the little ones go on.

In early days the emigration to all the country north of this had to pass through Ripon; this was on the road to Princeton, Berlin, Eureka, Omro, Oshkosh, Neenah, Appleton, &c., giving me the opportunity of talking with those who were traveling in these directions. If I found a man I thought would make a good citizen, I spent time on him, but if I thought he was little fish, I let him slide, telling him that they were building towns north of us on navigable waters, and there was the place for him. This is the way I caught

such a lot of good fellows, and fastened them to Ripon. It took some tall talking, and sometimes led men to call me gassy. I had some friends who followed me from the East—Mr Bowen, who has done so much for your college, and so much for your building, and Mr. Barlow, who has been an active and good business man with you. They had been clerks with me thirty and forty years ago, and knew that all I said was not gas; at any rate I had not spoiled their business habits, and all I have said for Ripon has been more than carried out.

In starting your town I used to take strangers to the top of College Hill, and there, whilst showing them the beauties and extent of our country, explain to them our plans, and what we were going to do; how we would have a line of colleges here; how, upon the one hundred and twenty feet fall on our stream, a division into twenty feet each would make a circle of five mills; that upon every hill we would have a church, and upon every swell of ground a beautiful residence; that our Main Street would be built up with two and three story houses, and how we *could* and *would* do a great deal more. I remember distinctly of one day taking to that hill a lamented friend—Lester Sex-

ton, of Milwaukee. I told him all these things, and remember how he looked at me as though he doubted my prophecies. As he afterwards told me, he went home and got about him his salesmen, book-keepers, clerks, and some friends, and told them about his trip; how at Ripon he saw the gassiest man he had ever seen; an old steamboat captain by the name of Mapes; how I told him where we were going to have colleges, mills, stores, etc., and almost made him believe that he saw, right on the naked prairie, a population of four thousand or five thousand inhabitants. When telling me of this, he said that I appeared so sanguine of what I said that he did not lose sight of me or my town; and the last time I saw him before he died he told me that he had seen all my gassy story carried out, and more too. It was through him that we borrowed ten thousand dollars to put through the Ripon and Wolf River River Railroad, over which passes all that lumber for your city and the country around you. So you see, the Captain's gas has done something towards the building up of your town.

Speaking of my foretelling what Ripon would be, there were some who believed me and acted upon that belief at once. My good friend, Mr.

Richard Catlin, rode up to where we were laying the foundation for the first house (that was the American House), and asked what we were going to do here. I stopped work long enough to tell him my plans, and he believed, for he went right off and bought up all the Government lands he could for miles around Ripon. These lands were all good, and by having this center grow up as I said it would, his lands have brought him a good price. His faith in me has done him good, and he has found his account in it.

Pioneers always have some doleful tales to tell of privations and hardships gone through with in settling up a new country; but I have none to tell of this. When I was a boy I had some experience in the hardships of clearing up heavy timber, but here we had none of that. Our meadows were all ready to put in the scythe and cut all the hay we wanted; the ground was already cleared, ready to put in the plow. Could there be anything more delightful than we had in the work of improving our prairie farms? And they have paid so well! You, farmers, must not get the blues. Wheat will come up again; and if it does not, raise something else. Your lands are rich, you have good markets at your door, and you get your

lumber here in the city as cheap as it can be purchased in America. Your climate is as good as any in the world; no long droughts, but alternate rain and sunshine. I hear some wishing they could sell out and go where the winters are shorter. Why are you so fearful of winter? You are not obliged to be out more than to make the contrast agreeable. Your fuel is cheap, so fill your stove, look out of the window, and whistle at the cold. Sitting by the fire with your wife, that *is* comfort, if your tempers are compatible; if not, you have only got to go to Chicago or Dodge County and get a divorce, then try the compatibility again. But do not go away from Central Wisconsin to find a better place; *you can't do it!* You may be proud to say, when away from home, that you hail from Ripon. If your daughter is educated at Ripon College, that will pass her to a good husband; and if your son is schooled here, his addresses will be cordially received in the best families of the country. I have seen the little girl grow up here to be the accomplished lady; to be the bride gracing the drawing-rooms of Eastern cities, and in this, believe me, I have pride, as also in your young men. Yes, and my own daughter who was schooled here; she and her husband went

away from me. But they brought her back, and laid her upon that beautiful hill. Beautiful? Yes, if there can be beauty in a grave-yard, it is in that spot of ground, lying in the very centre of your city, so retired from the stir and bustle of town; it is "death in the midst of life." I have dear friends there; and when the time comes that I must go, you that may be here, please lay me quietly by their side. When I tell you how many years I have lived, you may think that those services can not be delayed long, and they may not; but it is not the number of years that always make men old, but how those years have been lived, and I am willing that you delay these services, as long as good Heaven may have decreed.

On the 16th of January last, 1870, I had lived 72 years, and I stand before you reading my own manuscript, without glasses; I have my own teeth and hair, and am hale and hearty. I feel some like the old Vermonter, who had the idea, and used to say, that people would not die if they did not kill themselves with medicine. His friends said, "you must die; how are you going to keep from it? He said he would keep walking; "no man ever died walking." So I propose to keep walking. Yes, I have led an active life, and

that, I think, helps to prolong it. I hope to see much improvement in your city yet.

I had almost forgotten some of our early institutions. When I speak of our first livery stable, some of you will smile at the recollection of its proprietor, *Jesse Campion*. Do you see him? An English plowman, with a walk that gave a peculiar swing to his body, as though one foot was traveling on the land and the other in the furrow. His "orses," as he called them, were three; one spavined and two ring-boned. He used to carry his passengers by weight; so much a hundred weight, and distance was of no account, for his customers had to pay his bills on the road. His was the first wedding in the city. He married a Yankee girl; but the match was incompatible. Ripon now has livery stables to compare with any of its neighbors.

Our first dray-horse was "Dick." He had the misfortune to break a leg while on the road from Milwaukee to Ripon, and was turned out to die; but Dick did not die; his leg calloused over so he could be used, and the public, with him, done their own draying. He was a sort of public property, for he who got Dick up first, had the best right. But the citizens began to quarrel who should use him; then I sold Dick into other service.

Our first Congregational clergyman was a young man by the name of Sherrill. He was fresh from the schools, and had much to learn of Western men and manners. He officiated at the second wedding, and weddings of those days were not like Ripon weddings of 1870. This was a young carpenter of about twenty years old, and a young girl of about thirty. I received a description of the affair from Mr. Sherrill, and sympathized with the girl. They had walked about six miles to town and found Mr. Sherrill away from home, but he was expected back soon. They waited; the hours went away slow to them; the girl got very impatient and would go to window every few minutes, apparently fearing that he would not come so as to marry them that night. But he came at last, and the poor girl was relieved.

I have said that I came to praise not to censure, but I suppose you have vices amongst you, though, I think, as few as any town of its size. One of the best helpers I had in starting and building up the town had peculiar and very rigid notions on the subject of temperance. He did not want a drop of liquor sold in the town, and was determined there should not be if he could help it. He made war upon the settlers and got up a great

trouble with them, making for himself many enemies. They took the wheels from his carriage and hid them in the pond; they disfigured his horse, besmeared his sign, and behaved badly with him. He then used to wish he had sovereign power, he would banish liquor from the world. But time rolled on; he went into the army, and became Provost Marshal of a large Southern city, with all the power he could sigh for, but he found, as he told me, that with all his power, he could not banish it from use; some men *will* have it. His views are changed on that subject. The tares and wheat will grow up together, even in this moral town of Ripon.

Twenty years ago, when the community resorted to *hot bricks*, and perhaps a little *No. 6*, for medicine, we had no drug stores. Perhaps Mr. Northrop or Mr. Starr might have supplied you with opodeldoc or pain-killer; but that would have been all. Now you have three fine and extensive establishments, the fixtures of which alone are worth more than the whole of Ripon was then.

Now you have extensive stocks of boots and shoes, but twenty years ago the best you could do was to get a pair of stogies of Mr. Starr. I remember one pair that he sold. An immigrant,

who had just moved into the town of Rosendale, walked into Ceresco barefooted to get himself boots. He said he had a pair of calfskin boots at home, but for every day use they were too *costive* ! Mr. Starr sold him a pair less costive.

I might go on for hours with these comparisons, and with anecdotes and incidents that would perhaps be interesting—and there are many that I should like to speak of—but I have talked long enough for this occasion, and will draw to a close after I have said a word for the ladies.

If we had a milliner shop twenty one years ago the business was poor, for at that time our ladies were glad to trim over their old bonnets, and make the new ones themselves. But now it is changed—in war times the business was prosperous, and the shops made money, and built up several fine establishments for you, who keep up with the fashions and tastes of the day. I think the gentlemen who have to pay the bills, should be thankful for the late improvements, for a ladies' hat used to cost ten dollars and upwards; but they must be cheaper now, they are so *very* small. I do not mean to ridicule the fashions, for I like to see a well dressed lady, and see her dress in the fashion. Gentlemen who travel much know how

a well dressed lady looks to them after making a trip up in the back-woods, where the poor woman has to work hard and go barefooted. No, all would dress well if they could ; do not envy the well dressed, for you will all do so when you can ; and I like it.

Now, take Ripon as it was, and compare it with the present, and are we not all satisfied with its progress ? Take Ripon as she is and compare her with other towns, and is there not full reason to be proud of her ? I could go on all night in her praise ; but you know it, and with me are proud of your place.

I have talked mostly of your town, but it is to your country and farmers that you owe your growth. You had your Beardsleys, your Wests, your Kelloggs, Lights, Osborns, Higleys, Millers, Turners, Taylors, and hosts of other good fellows—and George was not the least amongst them,—to back you ; names that have always stood by Ripon. And may they never leave to look for a better country, for they can not find it this side of Jordan. I believe as my stuttering friend told the hoosier who was looking for the best and healthiest country. He had traveled far to find such a place and felt anxious upon the subject ; and when told

by my friend that he did not know of but one better and healthier than this, inquired at once where that was. The answer came out in that dry manner which some of you will recollect, "H-e-a-v-e-n!"

CHAPTER IX.

DEATH OF MY WIFE.

In the midst of Life, Death must keep pace and make its demands upon the living. And here, while pursuing my daily cares, he asked me to surrender a much loved wife, with whom I had lived through many years of joy and sorrow ; she who only a short time before had so kindly softened the pillow of my mute brother, had to have the same sad duty performed for her. Here let me say to the reader, how little we know of this world, or another. The mind is held by so small a thread, that twice in the course of my life there appears to have been almost a blank ; once when losing about all of my property in the sinking of a steamboat, and now in the loss of a wife. There is a space ; and when I try to run back in my memory and call to mind things that transpired, I am lost. In this last blow I almost lost mind and all, for she was with me in prosperity and adversity and was always the same ; ready to help to

cheer up and help face the frowns of fortune. But she was gone, and I was alone in the world, except my wife's maiden sister, who had lived with us since she was nine years of age. She was called Aunt Mary; almost every family has an Aunt Mary in it.

My children were married and gone for themselves, so I resolved to break up my home, and Aunt Mary went to live with a sister in a distant part of the State, leaving me quite alone. Aunt Mary had been in the family as child, sister, help, had assisted in bringing up my family, and was much endeared to us in all these relations. I had taken great pains to give her a liberal education, and had taught her music and every little accomplishment, for all through my prosperity I had the means to do it, and she was an accomplished woman. I bought her a piano and parlor organ and had her taught to play them well, and when I came in wearied from my business I would sit down for a little rest, and say, "Mary, please play me a lively tune and sing a song," and she was always ready to please me in that way. But she went to visit a brother, who was a Methodist clergyman, in Delaware, and while there attended a religious revival, became a

convert, and was taught that the Lord would not be well pleased with her if she played those lively tunes upon the piano—tunes that had been my delight in moments of weariness. I lost so much by the revival. As she was not a hypocrite, and really believed in what she had heard, I did not insist upon her playing them. Some time afterwards, upon entering the house I heard some one in the parlor playing “Roy’s Wife” upon the piano, and I said to my wife, “Who have you got for company in the parlor, playing the piano?” “There is no one but Aunt Mary,” she replied. “No,” said I, “it can not be her, for they are playing “Roy’s Wife.” “Well,” said she, “there is no one that I know of.” I stepped to the door, and it *was* Aunt Mary; she had come across a work called “The Southern Harp,” containing religious hymns set to lively tunes, such as “Roy’s Wife” and “Old Dal. Tucker;” so I got back my tunes—the words I could think.

But Aunt Mary was dissatisfied away from my family, and kept writing to me, urging me to commence housekeeping again, so I resolved to make them a holiday visit about New Years, and, while on that visit, I proposed that she should return to Ripon and keep house

for me. She was willing to come, but her sister said, "No, you can not go with the Captain, unless he marries you." This was the first thought of the kind that had entered my mind. She had lived with me in almost every relationship but that of wife, and I had loved her as a sister, an adopted daughter and a friend, but this put us to the blush. I could make no other terms with her sister in order to have her return, so we had to submit, and when the visit at my brother-in-law's closed, he got the clergyman to say she might go back with me, and we returned to Ripon. She made a good wife, and for one act of her's I give her praise. She was, as you have learned, a good Methodist sister, and on a certain occasion she was approached by another sister who said:

"Sister Mapes, do you know that your husband is talked about?"

"Well," she replied, "what do they say of my husband?"

"Why, they say he is fond of women."

"Has he ever been rude to you?"

"*Oh, no!* He has always been the gentleman to me?"

"Sister ——", said my wife, "I have known my husband ever since I was a child, and I think I

know him well ; when he is rude to you it will be soon enough for you to come to me about him, and not until then."

In the early part of this history I omitted giving an account of my military exploits. I omitted my first exploit, and I will now give it, so that you may know why I became a military officer with my hat-crown full of commissions. When but a boy, I went on horse-back from Cocksackie (the town of my birth) to Vent, to visit my sister who had married Mr. Barlow, a merchant in Delaware County, N. Y., a distance of about fifty miles. While there I saw a gun in Mr. Barlow's store, and asked the privilege of inspecting it. While looking it over, my brother-in-law asked me if I would like to own that gun. I said that I would, as I had not, up to that time, ever shot a gun. He then told me that if I would carry the gun home with me, on horse-back, I might have it. He did not think that I would do it; but he was mistaken, for I had that gun on my shoulder when I bid my friends good-bye. I have always thought that it was the gun that shortened my visit, as I was extremely anxious to try my skill as a hunter. So home I went, and made haste to get ammunition for the trial; the powder and shot was obtained,

but I did not know the necessary quantity required for a load, but I meant to make a sure thing of it anyway. The first object that I saw to shoot was a red headed wood-pecker that was sitting on an old, dry tree, pecking away for his dinner. I thought that I would be able to carry his red head home with me, as a trophy of my skill as a hunter; so, to make a sure thing of it, I got over a rail fence and pointed for the bird, and pulled away; the charge was so large that it sent me sprawling in one direction and the bird in the other. The gun I kept, but sold the ammunition, and have never shot a gun since then. My first wife used to remind me of it whenever I put on my regimentals for a grand dress parade, by asking me if I was the man that shot the wood-pecker. It would generally bring me down

This shooting business I have never liked since, although I once threatened an object meaner than that bird, the circumstances of which I will here relate: During the war of the rebellion a regiment, known as the First Wisconsin Cavalry, was raised at Ripon, and Ed. Daniels was placed in command. The regiment was composed of as noble a set of men as ever went into the service—"barring" the Colonel, of whom I need not speak

for he has proved his unfitness for any post of trust. At the time the regiment was assembling at Ripon, my son and wife and James Lambert were running a newspaper, and the officers and men of the regiment got up a petition to the Governor for the removal of Daniels, and brought it to my son to have it published in the paper, and it was being set up for insertion in the next issue. To prevent it from appearing, Daniels hired some vagabonds, whom he kept about his house, to go into the office, while my son and wife were at tea, and break it up, throwing the type into the streets, and demolishing the windows. This was in the fall of 1861, during a cold snow-storm. In the morning the office was a desolate sight; all that my son's family depended upon for a living having been destroyed by Daniels. My son had just tied up all his means in the Ripon and Wolf River Railroad, and had only the press for the support of his family, and as winter was just setting in it was gloomy indeed; and when I came into the office I found my son's wife, who had come there to commence her daily toil of setting type, and she in tears; you may well imagine my feelings. I went to one of my sons and got a bill of what was destroyed, and I told him to make it out

against the scamp Daniels. He done so, and I took the bill, together with a revolver that I had got of D. Greenway, with instructions to use it if the bill was not paid, and I was determined that he should pay the bill or fare worse than the wood-pecker that flew away. I started for him. He was mounted and riding at great speed, giving orders and having his regiment removed to Racine before there could be action taken against him. I placed myself at the corner of the street, by the Baptist Church, waiting his approach to make the demand. During these preparations, my son and Judge Mayham had heard of my doings, at D. Greenway's, and fearing that something wrong might grow out of it, they went in pursuit of me, and found me, one hand holding the horses bit, and the other holding the revolver, making the demands. They caught me around my arms, and told Daniels, the scamp, to save himself by flight, which he done. But he was a white man, as far as color is concerned, and he ran his horse at the top of his speed, got into a car and put a double guard about it until the train moved off with the regiment.

At the time of my writing this history of Daniels, the post boy came in with this letter and

the article enclosed, and I think it fitting to insert it just here as a part of the history. This letter is from Senator G. W. Mitchell, who has represented this Ripon district in the State Senate since the occurrence of these acts, and has held other prominent offices in this place, and was living here in Ripon at the time it occurred.

DUBUQUE, Iowa, Feb. 1, 1878.

DEAR CAPT :

I cut from a paper the enclosed report of Col. Richard Daniels, which I enclose hoping it may serve you in writing up your life ; as the newspaper men say, it furnishes an *item*.

In haste,

Yours truly,

G. W. MITCHELL.

COL. EDWARD DANIELS.

From the Fond du Lac, Wisconsin, *Commonwealth*, we take the following :

Col. Edward Daniels, being an outlaw and a thief, is just about the style of a man the Republicans of Virginia, or the Republicans of any where else, are likely to respect. Such a person makes a magnificent representative of such a party.

In 1860, this Edward Daniels, in company with Oscar Hugh LaGrange and several others, went into the federal building in Milwaukee, Wisconsin, and liberated therefrom one S. M. Booth, who was held for the violation of a federal law. When the United States Marshals were sent to re-capture the escaped criminal, Daniels and LaGrange organized mobs who paraded the streets of the quiet little city of Ripon on Sunday, making a great display of guns, and bidding positive defiance to the laws and authorities of the United States.

A year later, this Daniels, who had been such a furious States Rights man, began the organization of a cavalry regiment, with which to invade certain States, whose citizens, like himself, Booth, LaGrange, and the Republicans of Wisconsin generally, had bid defiance to the federal authority. The organization and equipment of this regiment had not been authorized by the State, nor had any authority to proceed with it been received from the United States. However, recruiting for it went forward during the summer of 1861, and its fragments went into camp at Ripon.

With his usual foresight and sagacity, "Colonel Edward Daniels" had gathered together several

hundred men without any means of feeding or providing for them. But what did he care for this? Was he not the self-constituted colonel of the regiment? To be sure he was, and "Colonel Edward Daniels" in time became so much a Colonel that one day at drill he dextrously and corageously cut off the ear of his horse by the clumsy manipulating of his sword. A another time a lady who was on the parade ground had a new silk dress ruined and was nearly slaughtered by the brave "Colonel Edward Daniels," whose sword—that unfortunate instrument—parted with his hand while "Colonel Edward Daniels" was nobly brandishing it in mid-air.

The generous-hearted citizens took compassion on those who had arrived in camp, and for weeks supplied them with food, with blankets and clothing. Almost every house in the city was appealed to, and almost every one gave more or less. In time the regiment received the sanction of the authorities, and then "Colonel Edward Daniels" presented a bill for keeping the regiment, for food and clothing supplied, and got the pay, which he magnanimously put into his own pocket. The generosity and humanity of the people were his profit.

The Ripon Star, a semi-weekly newspaper, owned and edited by Mapes and Lambert, had the courage to expose these thieving outrages of "Colonel Edward Daniels." The exposures struck him so tenderly that "Colonel Edward Daniels" detailed about him one hundred of his lacqueys, chief of whom was a Lieutenant Hobbs, and these on the night of September 21, 1861, mobbed the office of the Star, throwing its type and cases and material out of the window into the street. "Colonel Edward Daniels" took good pains not to be in town at the time of this outlawry, but his lacqueys made no secret of the fact that he had ordered the destruction. The next morning the regiment took an early extra train and went into camp in another part of the State. Although the Republicans outnumbered the Democrats three to one, it was altogether too hot there for "Colonel Edward Daniels," for there he was too well known.

An outlaw and thief!

"Colonel Edward Daniels" is a good man for the scallawags and carpet-baggers and negroes—who are called the Republican party in that State—to honor. And yet when the Republican party of Virginia has any chance of success it even will not nominate "Colonel Edward Daniels."

And of all that can be said of this, our times perhaps, it ill becomes me to speak disrespectfully of such men as this Daniels, who, by his position, is taken into what is called the first society, as I see by the meeting in Washington, in honor of Senator Howe. Among the great men of Wisconsin appears the name of Col. Edward Daniels. If justice was done him he would be looking through the bars of a prison door. But such are the aristocracy of America to-day, and all that is needed to place yourself among them, is the dollars. If you think I censure too harshly, read the papers of the day and see the investigations of bribery and corruption going on in the land, and then say if I am too severe. They say that when matters get at the worst they mend—pray that they may mend soon, for Heaven knows they are bad enough now. But I cannot write with any patience when my son and daughter, who had been laboring for the improvement and prosperity of the country, should lose their little all by such villains, and never get one cent for it, while such men as Daniels, and others that I might mention, are holding all of the best offices of the place, when they never lifted a hand but for themselves. I had thought that I might live to see my country redeemed from their

hands; that I might have said with good old Simeon, "Now let Thy servant depart in peace, for my eyes hath seen her salvation;" but it looks doubtful at present.

In giving the history of myself and Ripon, it becomes proper to speak of the wars we have been through, and taken a part in. I will now speak of the Booth war that occurred in Ripon. There was a colored man brought to the jail of Milwaukee for safe keeping, until his owner could come and claim him under the fugitive slave law of the United States. When the owner came for him Sherman M. Booth, who was at this time, editing a paper in Milwaukee, called the Free Democrat, learning that the negro was to be taken by the laws of the United States, mounted a horse in mid-day and rode through the streets of Milwaukee, shouting at the top of his voice, "Freeman to the rescue, to the rescue!" A mob followed him to the jail, and throwing open the doors they took the negro out and passed him on to Racine, and so out of the hands of the Government. For this Booth was arrested and tried, and fined two thousand dollars and one year's imprisonment, and if the fine was not paid at the end of the year, to remain in prison until it was paid. The United States hav-

ing no prison in the State but the Government Custom House, at Milwaukee, they kept him in that for a year; and as the two thousand dollars was not paid then, he had to remain there until some sympathising friends at Ripon conceived a plan to liberate him from prison. A conspiracy was formed and, by forged papers to the keeper, admission to the prison obtained, and Booth liberated at mid-day. He was taken by team to a railroad station six miles west of Milwaukee, and thence to Ripon, the den of his liberators, who fondly protected him. Here he remained for some days, defying the whole power of the United States Government. Such was the loyalty of the then majority of the citizens of Ripon that the officers who came to arrest him could not find him; so they arrested some of the conspirators and escorted them to the depot, where they were beset by an armed mob who rescued the prisoners and compelled the officers to return empty-handed. After this, Booth came out of his hiding-place, and gave notice that he would deliver public speeches at the City Hall and in the groves. The United States Court again sent a Marshal to effect his recapture. This officer put up at the Mapes House, and there remained until Booth had com-

menced speaking at the hall, whither he proceeded and, displaying the process from the Court, attempted his arrest. The entire audience arose in one infuriated mob, and threatened to kill the Marshal before Booth should be taken. They then seized the Marshal, dragged him from the hall, and threw him down stairs into the street, crying, "Kill him, kill him!" and I think they would have done so had he not hurriedly returned to the hotel for protection, and even there my son and I were compelled to stand at the foot of the stairs and, by main force, deter this mob of *loyal citizens* from committing further violence.

Booth then visited the radical villages, making harangues against the Government, and defying the laws of the country. At Berlin arrangements had been made whereby he could hold forth in one of the churches of that village, for the churches in this region were all loyal on the wrong side, excepting the Episcopal and Catholic, and to their praise be it said, they were truly loyal and would not join in against the Government. Marshal Taylor, of Berlin, immediately took measures to secure his speedy return to prison, and called on the law-and-order portion of Ripon's citizens, together with a few Milwaukeeans, to assist in car-

rying out the programme. The railroad was then in charge of Lindsey Ward and Levi Blossom, who also assisted, and, at the time appointed, an engine and caboose was in waiting, fired up and ready for a run. The meeting was held in the church, agreeable to notice, and Booth incited the good radicals of Berlin against the Government, and again defied its laws. At the close of the meeting he was taken in charge by two Berlin ladies, and a company of what were at that time called "Wide-Awakes" escorted the trio until they considered them beyond the reach of danger. But the Marshal, backed by Mr. Rundel and the friends from Ripon, were in waiting for him, and Cooley, the livery man, had a team in readiness close by. Rundel seized Booth and laid him gently in the carriage which was quickly driven to the waiting train, to which he was transferred, and was soon speeding to Milwaukee, where the morning sun found him safely ensconced in the Custom House. Here he remained until the Government let him out. I hope it has made him a better citizen, and that he has learned to obey the laws of the country.

CHAPTER X.

TRAVELING FOR THE MERCHANTS' ASSOCIATION.

I will give a chapter of my life and times in a new business, for me. In my struggles to build the Ripon and Wolf River Railroad, I had to talk to the business men of Milwaukee to get from them the ten thousand dollars to purchase the iron for our road. At that time there was a great competition, between Milwaukee and Chicago, for the State trade, so the Merchants' Association of Milwaukee conceived the project of employing a suitable man to travel and solicit the trade of the States of Wisconsin, Minnesota and Iowa; they thought that if I could talk them out of ten thousand dollars in one night, at the chamber of Commerce, I would do to travel for their interest. So they gave me a call, as the clergymen say, and I accepted, as I had my City of Ripon under good headway, and had the misfortune to lose a good wife, whose obituary notice I will here insert:

“Died, on the 19th of January, 1864, after a

short illness, Mary C, wife of Capt. D. P. Mapes, aged fifty years.

“The deceased was one of the first who underwent the many hardships incident to a pioneer life in this portion of Wisconsin, and has ever, by her many truly Christian virtues, endeared herself to all who knew her. Those of her friends who were with her when her spirit took its flight, know that she has but *fallen asleep*.”

I went to work for the Milwaukee commercial interests with a will—and let me hear say that I had a high opinion of the business men of Milwaukee—for at the time I labored for them the Association was made up of high-minded, honorable business men, at least, that part of them that were my employers. I will here insert a list of the first-class and reliable wholesale merchants of Milwaukee, Wisconsin, July 1st, 1863.

BOOTS AND SHOES.—Atkins, Steele & White; Bradley & Metcalf; A. F. Clarke & Co.

CLOTHING.—H. Friend & Bros.; Wells, Simonds & Co.

CROCKERY AND GLASSWARE.—Blair & Persons.

DRUGS, PAINTS AND OILS.—Greene & Button; John Rice.

DRY GOODS.—James Bonnell; Bradford Bros.;

J. L. Davis & Co.; Sexton Bros. & Co.; Young & French.

GROCERS.—G. Bremer & Co.: John Dahlman & Co., Dutcher, Ball & Goodrich; Cordes & Weiskisch; Goodrich & Terry; Inbusch Brothers; Littell & Smith; Wm. M. Sinclair; Warren, Hewitt & Baker.

HARDWARE AND TINNERS' STOCK. — Brockhaus & Merkens; John Nazro & Co.; Kellogg Sexton.

LEATHER AND HIDE DEALERS.—Wisconsin Leather Co.

SADDLERY HARDWARE.—Geo. Dyer & Co.

STOVES AND TINNERS' STOCK.—Geo. Williamson & Co.

HARDWARE AND AGRICULTURAL IMPLEMENTS.—Lefevre, Green & Co.

TOBACCO AND CIGAR MANUFACTURERS. — F. F. Adams & Co; S. G. Spaulding.

BOOKS AND STATIONERS.—S. C. West.

In four years constant travel I never heard a man say aught against one of those firms; but all joined as one, in saying, that with all their dealings with them everything was satisfactory. I was proud to be employed by such men, and help them build up a great trade along side of a competition from her sister city, Chicago.

In those travels for Milwaukee, I took with me the above cards to be put up in all the business places and stores throughout Wisconsin, Minnesota and Northern Iowa. My business was to make the acquaintance of merchants, learn their standing, show them the routes by which they could ship their goods from Milwaukee to their places of business, speak well of the different firms they would find in Milwaukee, and hear complaints if any; but, as I have before stated, in those four years of constant travel I never heard a complaint, and to this Milwaukee may largely ascribe the prosperity of her city. In making these acquaintances throughout the country, I found, in many places, a strong prejudice against the regular drummers, as they were sometimes called, for some of them had rendered themselves obnoxious by their importunities; but the feeling was only against those who really were bores, for the greater portion of them were gentlemen in every sense of the term, and with such I was always pleased to meet in my travels. I would here say to firms sending out agents, send out men who have studied men as well as the price of the wares they exhibit, and you will not have them called bores, and merchants will be glad to see them.

I had no goods to sell, and had only to attract the attention of the business men in the country to Milwaukee, but I found men always and everywhere made of the same material; the same motive moves and actuates them. Men in every situation of life love to be praised, and I found that I must make men pleased with themselves before they will be pleased with you or listen to your story. In one of my excursions through Northern Iowa, on a route then seldom canvassed by Milwaukeeans I arrived at a town of considerable business on a Saturday night, and having found a good hotel, concluded to stop and spend the Sabbath. In the morning I attended services in an Episcopal church (that being my preference), and found a well-dressed congregation, one of whom handed me a prayer book. During the services the responses were full and clear, and as one man seemed to lead well, I kept up as I was wont to do in my church at Ripon. The discourse was one I am inclined to speak well of. On Monday I commenced business and was well received by the merchants, who seemed to be well pleased to make my acquaintance, until I came to the largest establishment in the town, which contained a large stock of all the different kind of goods usually kept in a country

store. I made my bow to a man engaged in selling goods to an old lady, and inquired if the principal of the house was in; he directed me to a person quite at the extreme end of the store, whom I approached and saluted with a "Good morning," but his response was not as loud and distinct as it was at church the day before, for it was he with whom I had attempted to keep up during the service. I asked him if he ever bought goods in Milwaukee, but he answered, "*No!* I buy my goods in New York!" and turning abruptly upon his heel, left me standing alone at the back end of a very long store. I thought he had treated me rather rudely, and my first impulse was to get out of his way, but I did not know how to leave the great store in so ungraceful a manner, so I took a survey of the man and said to myself, "I have seen men as large as you, and there must be some avenue to you." Walking slowly down the store until nearly opposite him, I said:

"You have the largest stock of goods I have seen in some time; I am looking through your town not to sell goods for any particular house but just to make acquaintances, and have found it a most beautiful place, with excellent water-power and fine mills, and everything appears in a

prosperous condition; I shall have a good report to make of it. I attended the Episcopal Church yesterday and heard a good sermon, but was most pleased with the way the congregation made their responses. In going through your business houses this morning I have met with the most kind and gentlemanly treatment that I have yet experienced in my travels. I leave with those whose acquaintance I make this general card of the wholesale houses of Milwaukee; will you please put one up in a conspicuous place in your store?"

"Most certainly!" he replied.

"My name is Mapes," I continued, and I am pleased with my visit to your beautiful town."

"Mr. Mapes, how long do you remain in our town?" he asked.

"I shall leave on the evening train."

"Well, Mr. Mapes, I keep a horse and carriage and would be pleased, if you have time, to show you over the town."

"Most certainly, I should be happy to have you do so."

On our ride we passed his residence, and he insisted upon my dining with him. He found that he was out of an article of stoga boots, and referring to the general card, saw that Atkins,

Steele & White were dealers in and manufacturers of that article. He asked me if it was a good house, and I told him it was one of the best in the city, so to them the order was sent, and before I got around to Milwaukee again it had been duplicated. Milwaukee has since had a good trade from that direction. I have found, in all my travels, that it costs nothing to be civil.

While traveling in Minnesota I saw a sign of a millinery store, and the name was one I had been acquainted with in Wisconsin, so I stepped in. I found a well stocked shop, with a fine assortment of goods, but did not see the old acquaintance that I was lead to suppose was there by the name I had seen on the sign, so I asked for Mrs. P.

"That is my name," says the lady.

"I beg your pardon then, for making this inquiry, I had supposed that I would find an old acquaintance of your name."

"Where did you know a Mrs. P?"

"At F. L., in Wisconsin."

"I came from there," she said, "and was acquainted with your friend. The good-for-nothing thing ran away with my husband, to California, and took all I was worth with them."

Now, hear I was in a fix. I had acknowledged

that the good-for-nothing thing, as she called her, was an old acquaintance of mine, and that I was looking her up. But I had to get out of it in some way, and thought I would fall back on my stock of kind words. I commenced, by saying that I called solely in a business way, as I was traveling for the commercial interests of Milwaukee merchants. I then asked her if she ever purchased goods at Milwaukee. She said, "Yes, I have, but I want no more dealings there, for when my husband ran away with all I had, I went to Milwaukee to get trusted for a small stock of my kind of goods, but I could not get credit for a cent's worth, so I went to Chicago and got all the goods I wanted, and now I want nothing to do with your Milwaukee merchants" This headed me off again, but I commenced by saying what a fine shop and stock of goods she had; how, from the number of customers, she must be doing a first-rate business; and what a villian her husband must have been to have left so beautiful a woman and gone off with that ill-favored creature who did not begin to compare with her. And indeed she did not, for this was a fine-looking lady, and when I told her so I but told the truth. I hold that the truth is not flattery, and I have never yet

said anything to a lady that I did not mean, for this I have held to all through life. When I left my new Mrs. P., she said that she did not know but that she was rather severe on the Milwaukee merchants for she was very poor when she asked for credit, and promised to take Milwaukee in the route when she went after goods again. So you see that you must make them think well of themselves through your good opinion of them, before you can reach them; and this is all right if you deal in facts, hence it is no flattery, and in speaking of the good qualities of those you address, be sure that they have those qualities and are well aware of it.

In all my travels for Milwaukee, I labored hard to build up a lasting trade for her, and I have watched her growth with great solicitude, and she has done most nobly as against one of her competitors, the city of Chicago. Truly Chicago is a host to compete with; history has nowhere given us her equal; she built, was burned, and built again; nothing has come up to her; it is not all in her location, she has the business men on the corners what does it. Milwaukee will have to employ some one with a better horn than old Captain Mapes blowed to keep her in hearing distance of

her Chicago competitor. But Milwaukee has done well, and is now spreading out her radius of railroads through a rich and beautiful country thus securing their surplus produce.

City building has its secrets, and to those who have had no experience, I will make a few suggestions. To secure the patronage of country merchants from the interior you must have good hotels and good places of amusement; in fact you must please the country merchant if you would have him visit your market. He not only wants his goods, but he makes the trip to the city after them one of recreation and pleasure. I remember while I was traveling for the interests of Milwaukee I made a visit to Chicago to learn what was so attractive to the country merchant in that city, and played the spy. I pretended that I was after goods, and drew from the country merchant the reasons why they preferred Chicago. I said to one of them, "Have you got through with your purchases?" "Well," was the answer, "I could have finished up and gone to-day, but I want to go to the theater to-night, for I see by the bills that a favorite play is to come off, so I will stay spend another day." Another one said, "I come to Chicago to buy goods, and I also want to hear

the Rev. Mr. Collier and shall stay over Sunday to hear him; we don't get such preaching in the country very often, and it is worth staying over to hear him." Milwaukeeans may take the hint. In early life I was a country merchant and went to the city of New York for goods, and heard the celebrated preachers, and have heard Forrest and Booth play at the theatres. There are many attractions in a large city, and this must all be looked to in making and keeping the trade of a city. You must think this a singular chapter recommending churches and theatres in the same paragraph, but they both go build up your commercial interest, and for this I have been laboring for years. For your spiritual welfare you must look to your clergy, for you pay them for that; but I suppose you have as high an order of talent as is found in any city of its size.

In traveling for the Milwaukee Merchants I found the labor too arduous for a man of my age, so I sent in my resignation, and received a very complimentary letter from the Secretary of the Merchants' Association, regretting my leaving their employment. When I came home from traveling for Milwaukee I found my house very lonely, as my second wife had been buried by the side of her sister in Ripon,

and my children were all married and away, so, dear reader, do you censure me for making the acquaintance of a worthy woman, who was a widow in our own town? If you do it will make no difference, for I have made myself happy in making that acquaintance. The consequences are, two bright little children, a girl of seven years and a boy of five, so if there is anything wrong in the matter it is not in those two little children. You may call this egotism, but call it what you like, I would not exchange my little family for the wealth of that old batchelor, Wm. B. Ogden, who started in life when and where I did, and now if he can count more dollars than I can I would not exchange places with him. If we all think well of ours we will always be satisfied with our lot.

In the growth and advancement of Ripon, we felt the need of an agricultural association, and not being in the center of the county we could not have the county fairs at our city, so we went about it and got up one of our own. I took the matter in hand, as I knew every man that was able and would take an interest in it. It was got up by making a joint stock company, no one to take more than twenty-five dollars each, so that the stock should be well distributed through the coun-

ty, and that every leading man might bring his influence with him to the fair. The stockholders had free passes to the exhibitions, so that they would be sure to come and bring their neighbors with them, and in this way we got our crowds. In getting up the stock of two hundred stockholders at twenty-five dollars each, which amount was sufficient to purchase the grounds and build the buildings suitable for our exhibitions, I was but thirty days. In thirty days more we had our buildings done and a track for racing finished, and held one of our fairs, and it was a success. We paid all of our premiums off and made a dividend of ten per cent. on the stock, and have gone on year after year with the greatest success, having funds invested in Government bonds. All this I claim as an enterprise of my own getting up, and to show how the stockholders viewed it I will insert the following extracts from the papers of that day.

“A PRESENTATION.

“On the evening of December 7th, 1866, quite an interesting affair came off at the Mapes House. A number of Captain Mapes' friends gathered in the hall for the purpose of presenting him with a slight token of their esteem for him as a citizen

and zealous worker in all enterprises calculated to benefit our city. The meeting was called to order and H. T. Hinton, appointed Chairman, and G. W. Peck, Secretary. Mr. Wm. Taggart was called upon to state the object of the meeting.

“MR. TAGGART’S REMARKS.

“CAPTAIN MAPES:—A portion of your fellow-citizens have appointed me to present to you this watch. The trinket possesses intrinsically but little value. Regarded as a testimonial of our appreciation of your services in founding this city, in steadily laboring to promote its interests, but especially in your late efforts to build up our Agricultural Association, we hope it will possess in your estimation some value. Accompanying this is a card containing the names of the donors. This cake basket you will please hand to your lady with our regards—our compliments. You have been so intimately associated with the interests of Ripon that your presence suggests its history. You have seen our prairie clothed with its carpet of primeval green; our city plat covered with trees and shrubs; our little stream bounding over its rocky bed in its native freedom; you have lived to see that prairie covered with growing crops; those trees and bushes supplanted by fine resi-

dences, stores and shops; where herds of deers once roamed, now peaceful folks are feeding; the emigrant train gives place to the noisy locomotive; and the little creek has been chained to do menial service to man. These great changes you have witnessed, and to their accomplishment you have materially contributed. We do not forget how boldly and with what forecast yourself and associates commenced, at an early period in the history of our city the building of a college which is now filled with students, and which is a credit at once to our city and State. And now, in the retirement of old age,—if such a man can ever retire from active pursuits—we invoke heaven's choicest blessings upon you, and hope that your balance of life may be peaceful and happy.

“The affair had been conducted on the sly, so that the Captain was completely surprised, and duly affected. When he overcame his emotions sufficient to speak, he acknowledged the compliment in a few fitting words.

“THE CAPTAIN'S REPLY.

“MR CHAIRMAN AND GENTLEMEN OF RIPON:— I can only say, I thank you most heartily for the manifestation of your good opinion of my services with you, in the effort to build up the insti-

tution of your city, in presenting me with this donation from your kind and liberal hands. Again I say, I thank you, and in receiving this donation at your hands I think much of the articles, but most of all, that I have so many friends. I have lived many years, and have had many friends, and some enemies, but a large majority of friends, which makes me willing to live on. Looking at this event reminds me of one of the presidents of the La Crosse Railroad. When the stockholders wanted to fill his place with another man they voted him a gold-headed cane, and let him down with that. But I hope you do not want to get rid of me in that way, for if you do you cannot, as I propose to stay with you and aid in future improvements. And again I thank you for myself, and in behalf of my wife, for the present to her. They were all unexpected, and will be kept in kind remembrance of you all. I might go on with a little history of your city, but my good friend Taggart has so eloquently alluded to it that I will forbear. And so good-night kind friends

“The articles were a splendid silver watch, of American manufacture, with a heavy chain of the same material. On the inside case is engraved, ‘Presented to Capt. Mapes by his friends in Ripon.’

The cake basket, intended for Mrs. Mapes, is a beautiful silver shell, of the latest style. Accompanying these presents was a card, neatly framed, with the names of the donors neatly written, we might almost say engraved, by James Beynon."

The following is an extract from the Ripon Commonwealth of the same week:

"One of those pleasing incidents which are of somewhat rare occurrence, but which always gladdens the hearts of all who participate, took place in the office of the Mapes House on Saturday last in the presence of some eighty or ninety persons; it was the presentation of a watch and chain to Capt. D. P. Mapes and a cake basket to his lady. This presentation was made as a token of appreciation of the services of Captain Mapes in forwarding every public enterprise known to be identified with Ripon interests ever since Ripon had an existence. The Captain was taken wholly by surprise, and in which consisted the principal pleasure of the affair, for if he had known what was coming he would certainly have had a speech ready, and then his embarrassment, modesty and surprise could not have been seen. The whole affair was very neatly and appropriately conducted, but we must express our regret that a

larger number of our citizens were not given an opportunity to subscribe to the fund, and have made the watch and chain of massive gold instead of silver, for the Captain has worked night and day for the interest of the city for the past twenty years, and he is worthy of a more magnificent gift at the hands of the people of Ripon. Thus has he labored for Ripon, and we should have really liked to see him receive a more valuable gift, though he will undoubtedly prize this as highly as if it were of more value. The associations and manner of presentation will make it to him and his family of more value than the commercial worth. We hope the Captain may live many years yet and be subjected to many more such surprises at the hands of his fellow-citizens."

The following is an extract from the La Crosse Democrat of December 16th, 1866:

"A number of the citizens of Ripon, in this State, recently presented Captain D. P. Mapes, the founder of that handsome burgh, with a valuable watch as a testimonial of respect and esteem. The Captain was the first person to design the building of a city where Ripon now stands. He built the first house, the first store, the first flouring-mill, was most active in building the

college (than which a better does not exist in the State), and at a later day he built a substantial hotel known as the Mapes House. He has given away many acres of land for the benefit of his city, only providing that they should be properly improved. His son, now an attorney at Fond du Lac, established the first newspaper ever printed at Ripon, and by their united exertions the town soon grew quite rapidly. The testimonial of respect was fully merited, and will be earnestly appreciated."

One difficulty in the location of the City of Ripon was that it laid in the extreme corner of the county, but by the formation of the county, and its lakes, a county seat would be well located at Ripon. The surrounding towns were anxious to have a county made, and so arranged, that Ripon should be its center: but your humble author was on the wrong side of politics for favors, although the people about Ripon were willing to lay aside their politics for one year, as you will see by the following article published in an opposition paper:

"MR. EDITOR:—As the time for making nominations for our member of Assembly approaches, it behooves us to see that some man is nominated who will devote himself, heart and soul, to the

great object Ripon has to accomplish. Who will bring to the work, in the Legislature, industry, energy and perseverance, to effect a division of the Counties of Marquette and Fond du Lac, making Ripon the county seat.

“The project is viewed with favor by nine-tenths of the voters in what would constitute the new county, and if we can for once, trust to the world political to roll on by itself—if we can let the State subject of Kansas alone, and, looking as we ought to do, to our local interests, send some one to represent us who will effect this great thing for Ripon, it were surely better for us than to be fighting battles in which we have little or no interest.

“Such a man, Mr. Editor, is the pioneer of our fair young city, Capt. Mapes. He can bring to the work all the essential qualities needed, and that he will effect the object if any man *can*, we have ample proof in the industry and fidelity he has ever manifested for the interest of Ripon.

“Let us then objure politics for once, and send the Captain to the Legislature.”

But it was of no use, I was not nominated and the county not made, as the affairs of bleeding Kansas were of more account than to have Ripon made a county seat.

In building up Ripon Major Bovay proved one of my greatest aids. I well recollect his first arrival at the Ripon House, for at that moment I was busily expatiating to one of my guests upon the advantages of Ripon as a site for a beautiful inland town. The Major had come to Wisconsin to assist in building up a town, and this particular spot had been ably set forth by Warren Chase in letters to Horace Greeley of the New York Tribune, of which office the Major was a frequenter, having once edited a paper, published there, called *Young America*, the motto of which was, "Vote yourself a farm." While at the Tribune office he got hold of some of Chase's letters describing this region, which pictured in his mind a perfect Western paradise, and he left New York with his family and came to Wisconsin, intent on seeing Ceresco, as this place was then called. Leaving his family at Milwaukee, he tramped on foot to Fond du Lac, and thence to this place, where he arrived, as I have before stated, while I was displaying the beauties of Ripon and its future prospects. The Major at once became a convert, and he has never backslided from his faith in me, for he has been a boarder in the Mapes' family for more than five

years, and has been foremost in every enterprise which would result in advantage to Ripon. Our political paths have not always run in the same direction, but in that we have found our account, as changes in party have frequently occurred; when his party was in power he would go to court for favors, and when my side was up I would go, and we were both lucky in carrying our points for Ripon. The Major was never burdened with the Quaker's curse—the spirit of building, but that made no difference so long as he kept with me who was so accursed.

Thus far I have got on through life, and now, when I come to publish these manuscripts, I find my means too short to do it without an advance from my friends, for I have been, as Matt Carpenter, the United States Senator says of himself, “one of God's dispensing agents” through life, consequently there is not much in the bank to draw from. Many have complained that I have done too much for the public, and not cared enough for myself; but what if I have? If I pay my debts in full, and have sufficient to secure a respectful burial, what is the difference? I have taken great pleasure in being liberal with my own means, and what I have had through life I worked

•

for, and have never yet been charged with the want of industry.

Stories of the early settlement of Ripon still occasionally appears in the papers. I propose to collect them into one book, as will be seen by the following from the Free Press of July 3d, 1873:

“Captain D. P. Mapes of this city, although at present living in Winneconne, writes us that he has been for some time engaged in writing up a history of his life and that of the city of Ripon, its earliest and later days. After three-quarters of a century of hard work the Captain finds himself poor. Although, like our somewhat distinguished salary-grabber, Matt Carpenter, he has considered himself one of God’s dispensing agents, still there is this noticeable difference, the Captain has dispensed from his *own pile*, till now he is compelled to ask subscriptions to his book in advance, to defray the expense of publication. Those who shall aid him in this way will receive honorable mention. He goes East soon to complete the manuscript and arrange for the forthcoming of the work. The copies subscribed for will be delivered upon his return. Some friend will take the subscription of those desiring to aid him. He ought to have a large list ”

•

The following sketch of the city appeared in the Milwaukee Journal of Commerce in June, 1873:

“A noted Frenchman bearing the name of Charles Fourier, started out as a philosopher with this theory: That man was the creature of circumstances, that as his surroundings were pleasant or otherwise, so the man became good or otherwise. That, to remove the friction of a personal competition, society should be made up of what he called co-operative labor, and that all expenditures should be made on the same principle, from which it was expected to derive these several advantages, viz: The purchase of a home for the whole community; the ability to secure all the commodities which they had need of at wholesale prices; an organization through which could be marketed to the best advantage whatever they saw fit to produce.

“A band of Fourierites entered the State—then Territory—of Wisconsin in the year 1844, organizing themselves into what was known as the ‘Wisconsin Phalanx,’ and established their field of operations about half a mile west from the present center of the city of Ripon, and this was the earliest settlement of the township of Ripon—at

that time called Ceresco. The chief leader of the Phalanx was the celebrated Warren Chase, well known among all old political men of the State. For a few years the organization was prosperous, though some of them lead an indolent life, never working when not disposed, and always obtaining a livelihood through the exertions of their more industrious brethren whether they labored or not. A person of keen observation could not fail to be convinced that the workings of the Fourier system of life would result in failure, and in the year 1859 it was found impossible to make human nature satisfied with its lot by any such means, and the property of the Phalanx was almost all disposed of during this year, and its members located themselves in different portions of the country.

“In the year 1849 the first permanent settlement of Ripon was made by Captain David P. Mapes, who removed here and leased the water-power of Judge John S. Horner, and purchased a one-half interest in the village site. Captain Mapes erected a grist mill on the water-power, and since that year he has labored hard to make the site of his early home a city of importance, and to him, to a considerable extent, is due the steady,

permanent growth of the place. The Captain has nearly, or quite reached his allotted three score years and ten, but enjoys excellent health and has much vitality left. He is still among the first to aid, pecuniarily or otherwise, any new scheme which is likely to benefit his city."



CHAPTER X.

WINNECONNE.

After getting Ripon well started and the Wolf River Railroad completed to the Wolf River at Winneconne, your author purchased a farm on the west side of the river, and had it platted and laid out for a town.

The following is an article from the Evening Wisconsin, of Milwaukee, the matter for which I gave to Mr. Moore, who, at that time, was traveling correspondent for that paper.

“ADVANTAGE OF POSITION.

“Winneconne is practically at the junction of the Wolf and Fox Rivers, twelve miles above Oshkosh. There is no crossing point between Winneconne and Oshkosh, one side of the river being bordered by marshes. Nor is there any crossing point for a dozen miles up the river. Just above town the river widens into a broad bay, affording the safest harbor room for a thousand million of logs. The shores of the river and bay for miles, afford the

best possible site for steam mills. It only needed a railroad outlet here ten years ago to have secured nearly all of the thirty great lumber mills now driving away at Oshkosh. A splendid body of hard wood timber adjoins the town on the west, for twelve or fifteen miles. The prairie openings extend for a dozen miles on the east, and are unsurpassed in the State for richness and production. All these advantages are apparent and secured, and it required only the strong arm of capital to build up mills, machine shops, foundrys, stores, and open direct lines of communication with the vast lumber and supply trade of Wolf River, to start Winneconne in the rapid headway of advancement. Such strong arm of capital has recently been furnished by the

THE RIPON BUILDING COMPANY.

“Some time in August last, eight or ten wealthy clear-headed men from Ripon, purchased three forties of John S. Williams, on the west side, for \$12,000, Williams reserving his resident block of two acres. The company stock was divided into twelve shares, and is now owned as follows: G. N. Lyman, three shares; J. Bowen, banker, one share; E. L. Northrup, banker, and P. Olmstead, three shares together; M. Pedrick, one share; Capt. D.

P. Mapes, one share; Hon. A. E. Bovay, two shares and Hon. Wm. Starr, one share. The company represent over a million and a half capital. Capt. Mapes, the well-known railroad man and founder of Ripon, is the agent in charge. The Captain has taken up his residence at Winneconne. His great energy, experience and clear judgment make him the man for the place. The company have laid off their plat with much taste and liberality—The main business street starts from the bridge, extending westward. The mills and foundries will stretch far along up the river and bay. The resident lots, on the higher table, overlook the lake, river and the wide, reaching slope to the Fox River on the south. Business and resident lots are sold off daily, at moderate rates, and all the wards are thick and noisy with uncounted buildings going up in every quarter.

“The Mapes House has also been fitted up in good style, and needs no other recommendation than the name of its landlord, Capt. Mapes.

“STEAMBOATS.

“A daily line of steamboats from Oshkosh to New London, thirty miles north, stops at Winneconne at nine in the morning—going north, and at two in the afternoon—going south. The ‘Tigress’

and 'Northwestern' make the trip daily, alternating each other. They take up an average of twenty tons of freight and fifty passengers at each trip during the season. The 'Berlin City' comes up from Berlin by the Fox River, reaching here at nine in the morning, thence back to Berlin in the evening. A boat is to be put on in the spring to make daily trips from here to the west end of Lake Poygan.

" STAGES.

"Three daily lines of stages will run from here the coming winter, viz: One to Oshkosh, one to Young's Corners to connect with New London and Waupaca, and one to Poisippi to connect with Berlin.

" HUNTING AND FISHING.

"My Winneconne friends would hardly excuse me if I should omit to say that they had the best hunting and fishing grounds in 'four States.' Hundreds of fishermen are often crowded upon the bridge, hauling in pickerel, catfish, silver bass and sixty-pound sturgeons. The sturgeons are either jerked out with naked hooks, or they jump onto the bridge themselves. The river here never freezes, so the fishing season never ends. The lakes and marshes just above are alive with bird-game. Ducks by the million flood the lake at all

seasons, and snipe the marshes. Woodcock are plenty in July. A. H. Gardner, the old fur-buyer at Milwaukee, often visits here and takes a hunting-bout with the old-time sportsman, James Clark.

“ITS NAME.

“Winne-conne signifies the place of the skulls. Hundreds of Indians were slaughtered here in an ancient battle, and their bodies left exposed on the ground. Years afterwards as the Indian travelers came in from the West, and saw the white bones gleaming from the opposite shore, they were accustomed to the one exclamation, ‘The skulls!’

“LOCATION.

“The location of Winneconne, as seen by the visitor at daylight, is one of extreme beauty. The broad, smooth river; the rounded and even banks receding into the park-like timber on the west, and the handsome prairie openings on the east; the wide, open lake above; the long, skirting line of forest and marsh beyond, --all make up a figuration rarely equalled in the postures of classic lands. In fact, this whole lower Wolf region may be set down as the classic land of the Indian. It was densely peopled for centuries. All along the

eastern bank of the river, around Lake Poygan and the Little Buttes des Morts, were thickly scattered encampments and villages, dating far beyond the traditions of any living red man. Besides the attractions of scenery, the Indians here found the greater attractions of fish and birds and wild rice, profusely abundant in the lakes and rivers. From here went out the deer-hunters to the higher regions of the Wolf, Black and Wisconsin rivers. Corn-planting patches are scattered all through the country. In the fall and spring, nearly all the Menominee and Potowotomie tribes gathered here for feasts and dances.

“INDIAN TRADERS.

“I have not at hand any account of the first Indian traders here. Old August Grignon had his trading post three miles below, before the time of the Black Hawk war. Here he continued until the time of his death, in 1860. Old Chief Oshkosh always did his trading with Grignon, and spent much of his time in the neighborhood. Old Chief Sho-ne-nee, with his band, had their summer lodges here till the Indians were moved north. Wm. Bruce and H. M. Wright, both Green Bay men, put up a trading shanty on the east side of the river at Winneconne, as early as the time of the

great Indian payment here of \$40,000, in 1838. Thirty-five hundred Indians were present; also a company of soldiers from Fort Winnebago, and over a thousand white traders and visitors from the eastern part of the State. An eye witness informs us that nearly all the Indians and soldiers and traders got gloriously 'how-are-you' at the winding up of the payment.

"OLDEST RESIDENT.

"John L. Williams, son of the famous Eleazar Williams, (of the Dauphin of France notoriety,) is the oldest white resident of Winneconne.

"PROSPECTS AHEAD.

"Captain Mapes believes that the town, now having a population of over twelve hundred, will quadruple its numbers and business within two years, and I think the Captain is right. There is no place that I have seen in the State where half as many steam mills, manufactories, and machine shops are being built and projected as at Winneconne. The prospects of the place are best shown by the number and extent of the new

"BUILDINGS AND MILLS GOING UP.

"Since the coming of Captain Mapes here in August, over fifty buildings have been put up, and nearly as much more are in active state of

prosecution. Among the rest is a new three-story brick hotel, 50x86 feet, to be completed this winter at a cost of \$10,000. Messrs. Bovay & Lyman, of Ripon, are the contractors. Opposite the hotel is going up a block of four stories, with a brick front, and hall overhead.

*“Machine Shop and Foundry—*Messrs. Wilson & Co., have just moved their machinery from Appleton and are putting up a foundry and machine shop, 36x138 feet, and will have it in full operation by the middle of December.

*“Steam Lumber Mill—*Roddick, Parmenter, Wellington & Co., from Berlin, have nearly completed a large steam mill near the depot. The engine was made by Melms of Milwaukee, and is one of the heaviest in the State. It has three boilers twenty-four feet in length, with fourteen-inch flues. There will be two large rotary saws, shingle mill, lath mill and gang edgers. The mill is 140 feet in length, and will turn out 110,000 feet of lumber every twelve hours. The company expect to move one of their large mills at Berlin to Winneconne in the spring. They are running one saw here and have a full supply of all kinds of lumber for sale.

*“Planing Mill and Ship Yard—*T. W. Lake, an

old resident here, has just completed a new planing and matching mill, 36x60 feet, just above Rod-dick's mill. His machinery is all new and of the first class. Next spring he will put in sash and door machinery. He has a large boat yard beside his mill. He built the 'Northwestern' and 'Berlin City' steamers, besides several schooners and tugs.

*"Steam Saw Mill—*McArthur, Leonard & Trask are running the saw mill, just above the planing mill. The mill was put up in 1864, and has a double rotary, gang edger and lath mill. It has a most capital booming range just below the bridge, and is cutting out 30,000 daily. McArthur is an old pioneer-mill man, and one of the most active and extensive pine land operators in the state

*"Flour Mill—*A large, first-class steam flour mill is to be put up in the spring, on the bridge corner, just north of McArthur's mill.

*"Shingle Mill—*A party from Fond du Lac have purchased lots, and will put up a large shingle mill in the spring, just above the new foundry.

*"Another Saw Mill—*Redford & Co., for Hortonville, will build a large steam saw mill, adjoining the shingle mill, early next season.

*Another Flour Mill—*Men on the east side have

decided to have a flour mill put up on the river bank, nearly opposite the depot.

“Stave Mill—It is expected that a large stave mill will be started next season; also a hub and spoke factory.

“A Tannery would be a rich paying institution here, and the company are casting about for parties to take hold of it. Here is the place too, for manufactories of agricultural implements and cabinet works.

“Wagon Shops—A steam power wagon shop is running on the east side, and another is being built on the west side

“Brewery—Last and most necessary of all, is the big brewery nearly completed, just south of the village.

“BUSINESS ON THE RIVER.

“The amount of freight taken up Wolf river, the past year, exceeds three thousand five hundred tons. The amount of logs scaled in the lake boom just above, and tugged down by Winneconne the past season, foots up to 175,000,000. Tugs, boats, flats, and fleets of logs and lumber are passing up and down at all hours of the day. Thousands of woods-men and raftsmen go up to their camps in the fall, returning in the spring on the drives and

boats. From three to four hundred men are employed at the boom till late in September. At present the business of Wolf river connects mostly with its lumber trade. But its greater wealth and business is to be developed hereafter, when a hundred thousand settlers are driving up their fat herds and growing thirty bushel of winter wheat to the acre."



CHAPTER XI.

MY OPINION OF MYSELF.

Job says, "Oh, that mine adversary had written a book," and what he wanted of that I never could quite understand; but I have written a book for my friends; and my adversaries, if I have any, may consider the prayer of Job answered for them. In shaping my course through life my object has been to please. I have been a man of mild disposition, generally had control of my temper, social, of cheerful humor, capable of attachment, little susceptible of enmity, and of some moderation in most of my passions; even my love of praise never soured my temper notwithstanding my frequent disappointments. My company was not unacceptable to the young and careless, as well as to the grave and serious, and as I took a particular pleasure in the company of modest women, I had no reason to be displeased with the reception I met with from them. In a word, although most men complain of calumny,

I never was attacked by her baneful tooth. My friends never had occasion to vindicate any one circumstance of my character and conduct, not but some would have been glad to invent and propagate any story to my disadvantage, but they could never find any which they thought would wear the face of probability. I can not say there is no vanity in making this funeral oration of myself, but I hope it is not a misplaced one, and this is matter of fact which is easily cleared and ascertained.

In writing up this history of my life and times, the question arises of what service have I been to my age and generation? It is true I have lived longer than the average of mankind, but in this long life have I learned anything that I can recommend to the next generation? If not, then my life has been a blank, and of no account. But the desire of man is to live long and be happy through life. Now what I have learned is that it is best for man's health to live temperate. I have so lived in regard to meats and drinks; never drank to excess in my life, my food has been coarse and hearty. I have ate four meals a day when I could get them; that is three regular meals through the day and a lunch on going to bed. And this

everybody has told me, is unhealthy, but I was never sick a day in my life, that is, so sick that I could not leave the house. I have always been active in my vocations through life, and so, with a good constitution I have managed to live three-quarters of a century. And now whether it is best to get married or not. I think it is the only true way for man to live; there is no relationship like it, nothing that binds man so strongly to earth as that. I have had fifty years experience in married life, and think that I can safely recommend it.

Yes, young man, look up a good wife as soon as you can support one, but upon that selection depends your future happiness or misery. I hope your good sense will lead you to select a girl that does not run much to dress and jewelry, but one whose mother has taught her the duties of a good housewife. And you, girls, avoid the fop and vain fool, even though he should be a good dancer; no, do not marry a man unless he has shown by his life that he is capable of taking care of you, and when you have got him treat him to smiles and he will not return it in frowns, unless you have got a brute and not a man. Now let me go a little further with my advice to the young men. Be

industrious in everything you undertake—you must be so in order to succeed; be prudent and get a start; get your snow-ball rolling and keep it in motion and you will soon see how it will accumulate as you roll it. Let your religion be such as will teach you to do unto others as you would have them do unto you in like circumstances. In politics be a good loyal citizen to the powers that be, and take sides with the party based upon the principle of an honest administration of a republican form of government. At the date of this writing we have fallen upon wicked times. Not only have the officers of the Government manifested great wickedness, but by the tone of the people's conversation they are prone to wink at the delinquencies, and are only waiting to take the place of those who are now stealing from the public crib, but I still hope we may get back to the times of a Jefferson and Jackson, which I pray God may soon come.

I am one whom time has not much withered, but how long I shall have this to say of myself I know not. The number of years which I have lived would indicate that I was in my dotage, but I am not, and it is enough for me that I feel the inspiration of youth as I write. I have set a

critical watch over myself, and one of my tests for dotage was that company would avoid me, and that the old man would tell his stories over and over again, until they would become irksome to the listener; but as I find that my company is rather courted than shunned, I have come to the conclusion that I have not grown old. On one occasion I told my wife that one of my dreads of old age was that I should tell the same story over and over to the same person, and said, "I suppose you get weary of my old stories." "No," she replied, "you have a way of telling them different at different times." I rather think she had the joke on me, but the reply pleased me at the time. I had also observed that old men were prone to thrust their advice upon their acquaintances, and this I have tried to avoid. Why should we not tell the coming generations what we have learned? What use would our lives and experience be if we did not give it? But all do not give it in book-form, as I propose to do. Young people are wont to ask the opinion of their elders upon subjects on which they are equally at fault; for instance, if they have a ride or something else in view for the next day, they will come to ascertain what the weather will be; in all such cases I first find out

what weather they desire, and then answer to please them, for I do not know what changes might occur, and even if I did tell them differently from what they wished they would say that I did not know anything about it.

In a former chapter I have given the early history of Winneconne and its prospects, I will now describe it after five years improvement. It has not grown as rapidly as it would if emigration had not set towards Kansas and Nebraska. But that will soon have had its run, as the emigrant will find that those extensive prairies are deficient in timber and lumber for building, and he must have both to make himself a home, even if the soil is ever so rich and productive. Five years ago we had, at Winneconne, an old float bridge across the Wolf river, which is at this place six hundred feet wide; we now have a beautiful bridge, ten feet above the river, with two carriage tracks and fine walks on both sides. From these walks you get a beautiful view up and down the river. Looking up the river you get a fine view of the lake, which is constantly dotted over with steamers, tugs and vessels, in fact, a more interesting view cannot be found, as the banks of the river and lake come down with a gentle slope, and the

country around about is most delightful. The town contains about two thousand inhabitants. Mills and factories are springing up daily, but they must be driven by steam as we are on navigable waters, hence no water power. But the steam power can be made at less expense here than at any other point I know of, as the refuse lumber (both pine and oak) from the mills can be had for the hauling. The fine forest on one side of the lake makes fuel lower than at other point in the State. Their comes to this point, each year, over two hundred million feet of lumber, a very large amount of which is worked up here, hence it is the cheapest place to live in America. We are not living in a wilderness; we have our railroad trains arriving and departing, also our steamboats going and coming daily, freighted with passengers and goods for the river is navigable one hundred miles north of this place. We have our hotels—the “Lake View House,” “Mapes House,” and others. Aside from its commercial advantages it is a point where pleasure seekers can find all they could ask for in the line of hunting, fishing or sailing. We have a lake on each side of the town, and the broad river, six hundred feet wide, running directly through it. And now, dear reader, what do you

think of Winneconne, the last town I propose to build?

I will now comment on Ripon as she appeared to me in 1873. I hope she has not got her growth. She has all of her beautiful location left; *that* can not be taken from her. Let the future visitor take a stand on her western hill-side and look over her, for a more beautiful picture cannot be found. It was from this point that our party first caught a glimpse of the spot, and broke out in admiration of its loveliness. We had stayed with the hospitable family of Satterlee Clark during the previous night and had come over to this spot on a bright morning of 1844; then the natural beauties of those undulating hills and valleys had not been marred. Much has been done to improve the spot, but in its natural state it had an attractiveness which I have never found elsewhere; its beautiful Silver Creek had not then been chained to do menial service for man, as my friend Taggart has so finely said in his presentation speech to me which appears elsewhere in this work. No, I hope that she may continue to prosper, and that this little book will fall into the hands of many good men who will see the beauties of the place as I have always seen them. To-day I love to

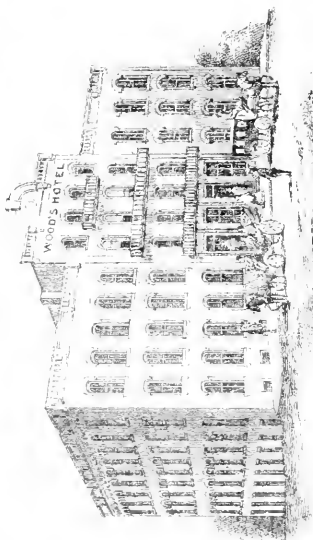
take the same position on that western hill-side, and sit and gaze upon the scene for hours; it never tires me. Railroads now meander through the vallies and the cars are laden with the fruits of the richest soil in the world, for one of the attractions of the place is that man can get his living from the soil with as little toil as upon any spot on this globe, and he who will labor is sure of his pay, and without labor he deserves nothing. This is all I shall say of the location, but will now take the visitor to the office or parlor of Wood's Hotel, and look out upon the broad street in front, or public square as it is sometimes called. Extending to the south for nearly a mile is a well-built city with cream colored brick fronts two and three stories high, beautifully designed and with all modern improvements. On a street leading to the right, going south, stands the Mapes House on one corner and the Opera Hall on the other, both ornaments to the place. Advancing on this street, which rises about fifty feet in as many rods, you come to the apex or College Park, and a most beautiful spot it is, with its shrubbery and trees, and its winding gravel walks running in front of the church and three college buildings—the latter are built of cream-colored limestone and are three

stories in height—and thence to the cemetery, which is situated on a more subdued height directly west of the college grounds; the whole forming a scene seldom equaled. If an English gardner had laid out those grounds he could not have made them more beautiful than nature has formed them. We had merely to erect the buildings in order to make the building complete, and from this spot you have a view of the whole town lying below you, and although in the midst of the business portion, it is still completely retired. Such is Ripon. Wayside and other avenues commence south from College Park and run through the most beautiful natural groves, in which are located the fine residences of Richard Catlin the banker, Jedediah Bowen, Samuel Sumner, and many other prominent men who have stood by Ripon from its infancy, and who when Ripon was but a small pistol like Paddy's, hoped they might live to see her a great gun. It is only necessary for her citizens to act in concert and stand shoulder to shoulder in every enterprise, for it has already been demonstrated what a united effort will accomplish. The present position of Ripon shows it; she is one of the most beautiful cities in the West, and yet it is but twenty-three years since



WOOD'S HOTEL

PUBLIC SQUARE.



NORTH SIDE OF

AND PROPERTY REPORT, 1873.

the first house was built, the American, and this stands amongst you to-day; it is now situated in the rear of Wood's Hotel, having been moved back in order to make room for that beautiful structure which now occupies its site, and which would be an ornament to any town.

This hotel when completed had an opening festival, and I will insert the proceedings as published in a Ripon paper at the time of the opening:

"This anxiously looked for event has passed, and is now one of the historical events of our city. The weather was just what was needed; the hall in excellent condition, the house ditto, and in fact everything was just as it should have been on this important occasion. The cuisine proved equal to the occasion, and the excellent manner in which the many tables were attended to, was the subject of many flattering remarks by the guests. About two hundred and fifty tickets were sold, from which \$1,200 were realized. We can in no better manner show how the affair was appreciated, than by publishing the notices of the several newspaper men who were present, and this we do below. Capt. Mapes was on hand and made a few remarks, which we give beneath to our readers:

"LADIES AND GENTLEMEN:—About twenty-three

years ago we had a hotel opening on this very spot, and we had the *elite* of the whole country in attendance, and to-night we have the aristocracy of the same country; and is there one among us who is not proud to be here to do honor to the host and hostess of this house. They have moved back what we thought was a palace on the border of this beautiful prairie, to give place to this palace of our city Wood's Hotel. How rapid is the march of improvement. The host of this house was but a boy by the side of his widowed mother when the opening of the first hotel occurred. He, I hope, may not see this moved back to make room for a better, this is quite good enough for this generation, and beautiful it is, and I am proud to see manifested that generous good feeling which to-night fills this house. And now keep on with this spirit, and all hands help to make business with which to keep all your business places busy. Ripon has not slumbered yet. Keep her awake, if some of us do fall asleep. There is one improvement you are making; I refer to your gas-works. They used to speak of the growth of Ripon, and said it was owing to Captain Mapes' gas, but as you are now getting the real gas, you will have a more solid growth.

“But now I propose not to use any more of your time, but let all go on and see how many each can make happy by word or look, and make it a day long, long to be remembered. But I want to tell you Ripon people that you are talked about. And what do they say about you? Why, they say you are proud. Yes, and well may you be proud—of the best schools in the West, the best built town of its size, the most beautiful women in the West, that is, the young ladies who come here to school, and live in the surroundings of Ripon. I do not mean Ripon ladies, they are here to show for themselves; you, young men, can speak to them, alone, of that, and it will not offend—I have tried it. And now long may the banner wave over Wood’s Hotel.”

The Saturday Reporter contained the following item :

“The opening of Wood’s new hotel at Ripon on Thursday evening, was attended by a very large concourse of people, and if the standing and intelligence of the people is an index, the popularity of the hotel will be second to none in the State. If we had space we would give the affair the extended notice it deserves this week.”

Ripon is a small town to write a book about,

but small as it is it has beauties which can nowhere else be found.

Oakwood, a watering-place, is a Ripon production, having been conceived and brought into existence by Ripon men, and is a success. It is a beautiful villa situated on the banks of Green Lake, and is accessible by the Northern Division of the Milwaukee and St. Paul Railway, also by the Sheboygan and Fond du Lac Railways, direct route from Chicago and Milwaukee. The location of this much sought summer resort and delightful watering place is only one mile from Green Lake Station and depot, where omnibusses and carriages await the arrival of the trains. The Oakwood House is open for guests the first of May in each year. Here are found all the creature comforts incident to watering-places, and as long as the present proprietor and family shall live to preside as landlord and lady, the visitors will be well cared for; they will be welcomed with a smile by the host, David Greenway, and his sons, and will be loth to bid them adieu. The natural scenery around Oakwood is unrivalled in variety and beauty. Groves of primeval grandeur, far stretching prairies, and an extensive lake view greet the eye from any point. It is the healthiest location

in the United States, being so pronounced by the hundreds of people who visit us each summer season. No place in the world equals Green Lake for its fine black bass and splendid duck shooting, while pheasants, partridges, quail, woodcock, snipe, prairie grouse, squirrels, rabbits, etc., are found upon its borders.



CHAPTER XII.

FREEMASONRY.

In writing up this history I have twice alluded to Freemasonry, and will now relate what I know of it, without fear of being Morganized. I have been a Mason for over fifty years, and should consider myself competent to judge of its worth as an institution to do good to the world, or work it evil, and this much I can say, I do not regret that I have been one, although I have never been forward in showing the public, by the display of emblematic jewelry, that I was a member of the fraternity. I have found that where I have accidentally met a worthy brother among strangers it has helped to make the acquaintance very pleasant. I once thought that I had discovered where Masonry had done a great good in forming the character of a young man. I was at Madison at the opening of the State Legislature, and, as usual, a Speaker had to be elected, and the choice fell on H. L. P., of Milwaukee. He was at that

time a very young man, but he walked up to the chair, called the house to order and proceeded to business with as much ease and grace as though he had held the position for years. On leaving the house, I said to my old friend, the late G. H. Walker, of Milwaukee:

“I am proud of the young man whom you have made your Speaker. Did you perceive with what ease he went through the opening?”

“Yes;” he answered, “and do you know how he came by that familiarity of presiding?”

“No, I do not,” I replied.

“Well,” he said, “he got that from being the Grand Master of Masons of the State.”

“If that is the result of Masonry,” I replied, “I will go home and recommend my two sons to become Masons!”

As that is as far as the order allows the recommendation or solicitation of a member to a person outside, I did so. In after years I chanced to be a room-mate of H. L. P., and I related my conversation with Mr. Walker, but he said:

“You give too much credit to Masonry. I did not get all this fitness from Masonry, I got it while I was a student-at-law in Troy, New York. I used to go down to Albany, six miles, daily when

the Legislature was in session, and there listen to the proceedings and debates, and when the Legislature broke up I could have gone through with presiding as well as now."

But I think his presiding in the Lodge helped him to ease and experience, for all Masons know that "order is Heaven's first law," and order we are taught in the Lodge. I have also learned that a very mean man taken into the fraternity, makes a very mean Mason; members of churches make the same complaint in regard to their members. Upon the whole I think the institution has done a great deal of good, and I have never yet seen where it has worked evil to society, unless it does so in taking us away from our wives for short seasons, as they are not allowed to sit in Lodge except on festive occasions, but the good old Scotch poet, who was a brother, compensates for that in one of his songs:

"A Freemason's arms is a bonny, bonny place,
Where you can safely lay
On a cold winter's night and never think it long till day."

CHAPTER XIII.

ADVICE TO YOUNG MEN.

Horace Greeley said, "Young man go West," I say young man stay where you are if you have anything to do. You see by this history of my life, that I have been following Horace Greeley's advice too much for my own good. Had I remained in either place where I have lived I would have been better off than I am now. A man should so live that his acts in life will go to his credit; if he has not, then he had better stay and live down slander by acts that shall go to his advantage. For if he has had aught said against him, and he removes from there, the story will follow him, and like the rolling snow-ball, it will increase with every turn of the ball. The time spent in removals is so much time lost. So, young man, if you have a situation, that you can, by frugality and labor, lay by something, be it ever so little, you had better

be contented and remain there. Then as Burns says to the young man:

“Then gather wealth by every means that honor doth approve of;
Not to hide it in a hedge, nor for a train attendant,
But for the glorious privilege of being independent.”

In many places in these pages, I find some of my advice on this subject, but it is nevertheless true, if I do repeat it. It is my conviction from a long life's experience, and I wish to impress it upon the minds of the youths of our land. Reader, excuse repetition, it is what I was afraid I should run into.

I hope this work will not appear to the reader as did the book which an old batchelor was reading at his boarding house. When the ladies would go into the general parlor and find him reading he had the politeness to turn down a leaf in the work he was reading, and join in conversation. One of the ladies was mischievous enough to steal away the book and turn up the leaf and turn one down farther back, and in this way compelled our batchelor friend to read over his work again. One day the ladies took occasion to ask him how he liked the book, and his reply was that it was very good, but most too much *sameness*.

I have just taken up a newspaper from which

I have clipped the following extract to excuse me for the vanity of writing at this advanced age of seventy-five years. Here is a man whom I have frequently met and always admired, William Cullen Bryant, and who is now nearly eighty years old. But it cannot be said of me as of him, that I was early in life engaged in writing for the Press, for I never was. As you see by the preceding pages I have been engaged in commercial pursuits, but used occasionally to write short articles for my sons, both of whom were editors in times gone by. I never have been ambitious to be an author, and this last effort is for pastime, but such as it you may have it, and should it do good to the coming reader I shall be amply repaid.

“Mr. Bryant is now seventy-nine years old, and no other period of his life has been more prolific in compositions of the highest order than the eighth decade of time through which he is now passing. But the most extraordinary fact about this life is not only that its productiveness has extended in reality into extreme old age, but that it began in extreme youth. We have examples in literature of men like Dryden, who bore his best fruit in his last years; but of him it must be

said that in his first years he bore no fruit at all. Then, again, literature is full of cases of men of precocious genius, who exhibited an astonishing intellectual splendor at an early age, but whose power seemed to burn out in the process, and to conduct their possessors to a speedy death or to a later life of impotence. But Bryant, who excites the admiration of this generation by the marvel of his genius burning undimmed in old age, excited the admiration of our grandfathers by the marvel of his genius already enkindled and radiant in his early youth. As far back as 1804, when he was but ten years old, he published translations from the Latin poets. In 1807 he wrote an effective political satire called 'The Embargo,' which ran through two editions in a few months. The perfect poem of 'Thanatopsis,' which may itself defy the power which it celebrates, was written when its author was only eighteen. A long, literary life like this, that sheds a remarkable light at both extremes—that is as glorious for the long preservation of its powers as it is for the precocity with which they were first manifested—has an interest for us scarcely to be surpassed in the history of letters. It is a noble privilege to add that the literary activity of Mr. Bryant, thus astonishing for

beginning so earnestly and continuing so late, forms but one side of a life which has been strenuous in professional labors, faithful and sweet in the privacies of home and friendship, alert in the attention to all the duties of a citizen, and which has from the first lent itself only to what is pure, dignified and humane in society."

Oh! would some power the giftie gee us,
To see oursel's as ithers see us,
It wad frae mony a blunder free us.—BURNS.

And now, after having passed through a long life, and been an observer of men, manners and customs, the world, as it now passes, is to me but as a grand play, and I as a looker on; and as the play is almost at an end, I have a right to comment on the actors and the audience as they go out before me. I hope to see the play go on for so some time; so in my comments on others, I must not forget the part I have and am at the present time playing. But from affectation, good Lord deliver me. You, young man, who think you must smoke a cigar to make a man of yourself, try and hold your cigar gracefully, especially the first one, for remember that the eye of the public is on you, and should you fail to carry it with ease and grace, you will be laughed at and ridiculed, for you are more noticed than you would really

suppose. Remember that the character of every one, old or young, is commented on, more or less, on every street corner. Now bear in mind that you will be talked about, and let your conduct be such, that whatever may be said of you, it may be in your praise.

I was once traveling with a friend, and stopped for the night at a hotel, and as our bill was not exactly satisfactory when we came to leave, I said to the landlord, "I can give you a receipt by which you can keep a good hotel and never fail."

"Well," he says, "that I should like."

Then I said to him, "Do you know what this man and myself will talk about when we first drive away from your house."

"No, I do not."

"Well, the first subject that we will discuss will be you, your house, your fare, and the price paid. Always keep that in mind, and so behave to your customer that he will have nothing to find fault with, for there is nothing surer than that he will talk you all over. But take care that you do not overdo the matter and be too much of a *landlord*.

CHAPTER XIV.

CONCLUSION.

In bringing this book to a close, and reviewing my long life, it appears a mystery why we should have been brought into this world. It is a curiosity to me; to me it has been an enigma. We have thought we possessed friends and have held them in high esteem, but when we came to test them by dollars and cents we have found how woefully we had been disappointed.

I met an old acquaintance, to-day, who seemed pleased to see me, and the following conversation ensued:

“Why, Captain, how pleased I am to see you; how young you look; it does me good to meet you. You have been the foremost man in all our town in building colleges, churches, and every public institution, and in getting railroads to the place; without you we should have no town here. I passed the place that you are now building at

Winneconne, and thought I saw your handiwork there. It is a beautiful place, and, if you live, you will make it a town."

"Yes, I hope to. But why did you not call and see me? I should be pleased to have entertained you at my house."

"Well, I should if I had the time, for I know I should have been welcome."

"Elder, I have been writing up the history of Ripon, and other towns that I have helped build, together with my own life; I am getting it into a book of about three hundred pages, at a cost of two dollars a copy, and should like to have you subscribe for it; if you do so, your name will appear in the work as one of my friends and patrons to the book."

"*Ahem!* *W-e-l-l* I don't know; I have a great many ways for money this fall; I have had to pay out much to our church; I don't see how I can "

"I am sorry, not so much for the two dollars, but I had reckoned on your name as truly my friend."

"Well, I will see you again!"

Perhaps he will, if so I shall be pleased to meet him. This is nothing new; I have seen it all through life, but it does not set me back much.

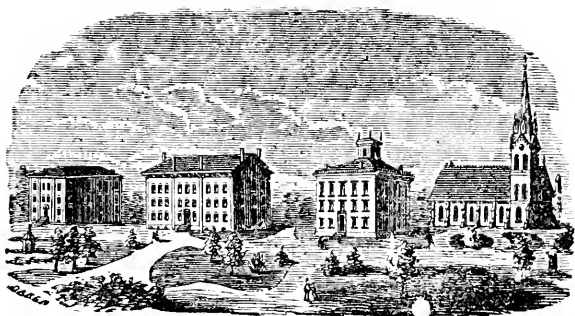
The next man I met, after hearing my story and being solicited for a subscription, said :

“Yes, Captain, set me down for two copies; I will send one to my friends East, and show them how we build towns, and what a lovely country we have here about Ripon.”

In the preceding pages I have written of my religious belief. I have a little boy, five years of age, running through the room, and his inquisitive mind propounded to me a question that I can not answer. His mother tells him of a God, whom he seems so anxious to learn more of, and he supposes he can get all the knowledge that is necessary from his parents; but, alas, how little do we know. He said, “Pa, how large is God?” Yes, that is the question, “How large is God?” How does He govern this world? How does he produce those beautiful flowers which blossom in the garden, with all their variegated colors on one stem? Here, while I write, is the simple but beautiful morning-glory, running and twining up the window-casing, with three or four distinct colors on the same vine, in the same sunshine or shade. It would seem as if there was some great Designer, whose object was to please man. Well may we ask, with the little boy, “How large is

God?" I cannot answer, except that he is in and through everything, that the world is God, and God is the world, and, oh, how beautiful it is. Yes, roll on as you will for generations to come, when he whose thoughts have been put in print and laid on the shelves, to be dusted off, or perhaps taken down and read by some one to see if those who have gone before them knew any more than they can learn through their senses.





RIPON COLLEGE.

ITS HISTORY

The first efforts to establish an institution of learning in Ripon, had their origin in the public and educational interest of the first settlers of the town. In the year 1851, the citizens made a movement to found a literary institution of a high order. A corporation was formed under a charter, obtained for the purpose. In the summer of that year the walls of what is now the East College building were erected, and late in the autumn the roof was put on. The money was wholly furnished

by the people of Ripon, and vicinity, and, considering their very limited resources, their contributions were very liberal. Some who had no money gave materials or their own labor.

Having exhausted their scanty means on the unfinished building, and seeing the need of enlisting some religious denomination in the enterprise, the Trustees, the next year, sent a proposition to the "Winnebago District Convention of Presbyterian and Congregational Ministers and Churches," offering to transfer the whole property to the Convention for the sum of \$400—the amount of their debts—on condition that the building should be so far finished as to admit of the opening of a High School, and that such school be actually begun in it early in 1853.

The churches of this region, being then very small and poor, the Convention did not deem it practicable to raise even the very small sum of money required. But one of its members, Rev. J. W. Walcott, then minister of the church at Menasha, personally accepted the condition in behalf of the Convention; the Convention being pledged to take the institution under its care with a new organization, so soon as the money necessary for the purpose could be

raised. Mr. Walcott accordingly secured the property by deed from the Trustees. He also enlarged the site, by the purchase of nine acres of adjacent land. The building was so far finished that winter, that, according to the agreement, a school was opened in it in the Spring of 1853, and was continued from that time with a good degree of success.

In February 1855, in accordance with a resolution of the convention, a new charter was obtained from the Legislature, incorporating the "Board of Trustees of Brockway College," as it was then entitled, and naming, as the first trustees, the persons who had been designated by the convention for that purpose. The Board was organized under the new charter, in March 1855. The College grounds and building were conveyed to the Board by warranty deed, February 21st, 1857. That year, a liberal subscription having been obtained for the purpose, the Second College Building, now the Middle College, was erected.

At this time the Board was heavily in debt, and the disastrous financial crisis of 1857, struck the young institution a sudden and severe blow. The promising subscription almost collapsed. For about five years the institution struggled almost

hopelessly with its financial difficulties. Its embarrassments were so great that some of its warmest friends were discouraged. For about a year, at the opening of the rebellion, the Trustees were compelled to suspend the school. Many of the students enlisted in the army, the College grounds were leased to the Government for a camp, and occupied by the First Regiment of Wisconsin Cavalry.

But in 1862, the convention and steadfast friends of the College rallied. A subscription to pay its debts was so far successful, that in September of that year the Trustees reopened the school, under the charge of Professor Edward H. Merrell, (now Professor of Greek) assisted by efficient lady teachers. Under them, the school grew so rapidly, and its prospects seemed so favorable, that in April 1863, the Trustees began the organization of a permanent Faculty for regular college instruction. Rev. Wm. E. Merrimen, then pastor of the Presbyterian church at Green Bay, was elected President, and E. H. Merrell, Professor of Languages. At the annual meeting of the Board in July, the President entered upon his duties, and the policy of the College was defined. At the opening of the term, in September 1863, the first regular

college class was formed. Before this time the institution had only been a high school; this is the date of its organization and beginning as a regular college, while its preparatory department has been still continued. The first collegiate year, its debts were wholly paid, the east building was completed and the library begun. Some amendments to the charter were also obtained, changing its name to "Ripon College," and granting additional privileges.

Since its permanent organization for regular collegiate work, in 1863, the college has made constant progress, in the number of its teachers, in funds and facilities for instructions, and in reputation and influence. In 1866 it had outgrown its accommodations; and in 1867 the West College building, larger and better than either of the others, was erected. The College is now firmly established, with a full faculty, and with means sufficient, so that it may afford ample instruction in all departments of a liberal education.

THE CHARTER, POWERS AND CONTROL OF THE COLLEGE.

The charter incorporates, "The Board of Trustees of Ripon College," fifteen in number, including the President of the College, who is *ex-officio* a

Trustee. The others hold office three years, one-third going out of office every year; but they are re-elegible. The Board fills its own vacancies. It has power to maintain an institution of learning of the highest order, with all the powers necessary to its operation and control. It may establish any department of learning, confer the usual degrees, may receive donations for special educational purposes, and apply them according to the designs of the donors. It may hold property, both real and personal, to any amount, provided the annual income from it shall not exceed \$20,000.

The title to the College grounds is perfect and absolute, and the property is wholly encumbered. The entire control and government of the College is vested in the Board of Trustees, according to the charter. It has been built up mainly by the Congregationalists. The majority of the Trustees are members of Congregational churches, and the Board has the confidence of that denomination. It is a Christian College, under the patronage of Congregationalists. But it is not designed to be sectarian; no sectarian instruction is given; it is not under any sectarian control; it has no organic connection with any church or ecclesiastical body. Many of its strong friends and liberal benefactors

are in other denominations. Its privileges are open to all, on the same terms; and there is hardly a denomination in the land that is not represented among its students.

DESIGN AND POLICY OF THE COLLEGE.

The two sexes are here educated together. Students of each sex may take the same courses of study, and they enjoy the same privileges. This is no experiment here; experience has satisfied us that this plan is every way the best. It does, indeed, require the best conditions, but these being granted, it produces the best results.

Health, temperance, sterling morality, christian character and christian usefulness, are made prominent objects of instruction as conducted here. A christian philosophy will be taught, and the aim will be to have all instruction accordant with christian principles, and pervaded with the christian spirit.

The Academic Department will be continued in connection with the Collegiate. The institution will be open to all students of a suitable age, when they have concluded their studies in the Public Schools; and if they cannot take a full course, they may pursue any studies for which they are qualified. The College is thus prepared

to meet the wants of all classes of students, and that too, without destroying the regular order of instruction.

There are two courses of instruction in the College, the Classical and Scientific; both of four years, and differing chiefly in the relative attention given to Classical and Scientific studies. The completion of either entitles the student to the corresponding literary degree. We seek to maintain the standard of a liberal education, both in thoroughness and extent; but we seek also to adapt instruction to the wants of the times. The courses of study are equivalent to those of the colleges of the east

LOCATION, GROUNDS AND BUILDINGS.

The beauty and healthfulness of Ripon and the character of the people, are favorable for a college. The College Grounds include twelve acres. They are very convenient and pleasant, being high enough to overlook the town. There are three College Buildings, all of stone. The East Building is fifty feet square and three stories high. It contains recitation rooms, reading room, chemical department and cabinet, besides private rooms for students. The Middle Building is 100 feet by 44, three stories high, besides the attic

and basement. This is the Ladies' Building ; it contains the boarding hall, reception rooms, music rooms and private rooms of the lady teachers and students. The West Building is 80 feet by 50, and four stories high. It contains the chapel, library, lecture rooms and private rooms for male teachers and students. Each of the buildings also contains the hall of one of the literary societies. The buildings afford room for the instruction of 300 students, of whom about 200 may reside in the buildings.

FINANCIAL CONDITION AND POLICY.

The whole amount of the College property is estimated at about \$120,000. There are no incumbrances of any kind on it. The amount of floating debt is very small. Upwards of \$25,000 of its permanent fund has been given by friends of education at the east.

Since the organization of the institution as a College in 1863, it has been operated wholly on its earnings, its teachers receiving only what was obtained from tuition, until the endowment fund was begun. This now affords about half its support. Every dollar contributed to the College since 1863, has been employed in building it up, without any diminution for current expenses, or for

management, or for raising money. It is proposed to continue this rigidly economical policy—to spend nothing given to the College in operating it, but to use every donation in increasing its permanent means of instruction. It is designed to keep the College within the reach of the poor. The expenses of the student are very low, tuition being but \$8.00 a term and board but \$2.50 a week.

THE WORK WHICH HAS BEEN DONE.

The foundations of a Christian College have been established. It has secured an eligible home. It has acquired a considerable part of the necessary property. It has permanently arranged its educational work, and already accomplished a very important and valuable service. Seven classes have graduated. A considerable number having received their entire training here, have gone to older colleges to complete their course. A large number who could not pursue a full course, have had here an incomplete, but very important, training. By the work of education already done, the College has secured the confidence of the people so far as it is known.

The College has become dear to the churches. It is rooted in thousands of Christian hearts, and

draws their prayers and gifts. It has developed much interest in higher education. It has acquired such a measure of moral and religious power, as to be the efficient ally of the churches. The work thus done opens the

GREATER WORK TO BE DONE.

With ample means for their instruction and assistance the present number of students might be greatly increased. The demands for the College must greatly increase in the future. Wisconsin is nearly as large as the whole of New England, and if peopled as densely it would have a population of over four millions. It will sustain a population far greater. While then we seek to make the College as useful as possible, in doing the work now required of it, we should so plan that it may grow to be adequate to the greater work to be done hereafter.

PRESENT BOARD OF TRUSTEES.

Rev. William E. Merriman, *Ex Officio*; Jehdeiah Bowen, Esq., Ripon; Charles F. Hammond, Esq., Ripon; Hon. E. D. Holton, Milwaukee; Richard Catlin, Esq., Ripon, Rev. E. P. Goodwin, D. D., Chicago.

Term expires with the Collegiate year in June, 1873.

Rev. J. J. Miter, D. D., Beaver Dam; William Starr, Esq., Ripon; Rev. Henry A. Miner, Columbus; Edwin M. Danforth, Esq., Oshkosh; Rev. F. B. Doe, Ripon.

Term expires with the Collegiate year, in July, 1874.

Rev. Charles W. Camp, Waukesha; Rev. Arthur Little, Fond du Lac; Storrs Hall, M. D., Rosendale; Thomas H. Little, Esq., Janesville.

Term expires with the Collegiate year, in June, 1875.

OFFICERS OF THE BOARD AND EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE.

Rev. William E. Merriman, President; Rev. J. J. Miter, D. D., Vice President; Storrs Hall, M. D., Secretary; Jehdeiah Bowen, Esq., Treasurer.

FACULTY.

Rev. William E. Merriman, A. M., President, and Professor of Mental and Moral Science; Rev. Edward H. Merrell, A. M., Professor of the Greek Language and Literature; Rev. John P. Haire, A. M., Professor of the Latin Language and Literature; Joseph M. Geery, A. M., Professor of Rhetoric and English Literature; John C. Fillmore, A. M., Instructor in German; Lyman B. Sperry, M. D., Professor of Chemistry and Natural Science; Carlos A. Kenaston, A. M., Professor of Mathematics

and Astronomy; Mrs. Clarissa T. Tracy, Matron and Instructor in Botany; Luther H. Adams, A. M., Assistant in Greek and Mathematics; Kate A. Bushnell, Principal of the Ladies' Department; Mrs. William M. Bristoll, B. S., Assistant in Latin; John C. Fillmore, A. M., Professor of Music; Camilla M. Nettleton, Instructor in Vocal Culture, and Assistant Instructor in Piano Playing and Harmony.

Penmanship and Drawing are taught by extra teachers.

Prof. Bristoll, Registrar and Assistant Treasurer; Prof. Geery, Secretary of the Faculty and Librarian.

SUMMARY OF STUDENTS FOR 1871-72.

	Classical Course.	Scientific Course.	Gent'men.	Ladies.	Total.
Graduates of 1872,	3	4	4	3	7
Seniors,	5	11	11	5	16
Juniors,	2	8	6	4	10
Sophomores,	10	10	14	6	20
Freshmen,	0-20	9-42	6	3	9
In select studies,			4	3	7-69
Praparatory Students,			147	118	265
Students in Music only,			1	36	37
			<hr/> 193	<hr/> 178	<hr/> 371

COURSES OF INSTRUCTION.

*Classical Course.**College Department.**Scientific Course.*

FRESHMAN YEAR.

First Term—Greek, Xenophon's Memorabilia; Latin, Virgil; Anglo Saxon, Corson; Mathematics, Algebra finished; Elocution, Mitchell.

Second Term—Latin, Livy; Greek, Iliad; Latin, Virgil; Astronomy, Burritt; Mathematics, Geometry begun; Elocution, Mitchell.

Third Term—Latin, Horace; Latin, De Senectute; Natural Science, Botany, Wood; Mathematics, Geometry finished; Elocution, Mitchell.

Essays and Declamations throughout the year; also Latin and Greek Prose Composition.

SOPHOMORE YEAR.

First Term—Greek, Thucydides; Natural Science, Zoology; English Literature; Mathematics, Trigonometry; Elocution, Mitchell.

Second Term—Greek, Tragedy; Latin, Livy, Prose Composition; English Literature; Mathematics, Conic Sections and Analytical Geometry.

Third Term—Greek, Demosthenes on the Crown; Latin, Horace, Prose Composition; Rhetoric, Art of Discourse, Day; Mathematics, Surveying and Mensuration.

Declamations and Orations throughout the year;

also Smith's Greece with Lectures in the Classical Course.

JUNIOR YEAR.

First Term—Modern Languages, French or German; Natural Science, Inorganic Chemistry; Mathematics, Mechanics, Snell's Olmsted.

Second Term—Greek, Plato; Language, French or German; Natural Science, Inorganic Chemistry, Organic Chemistry; Physics, Snell's Olmsted.

Third Term—Latin, Cicero's Philosophical Works; Language, French or German; Natural Science, Mineralogy, Geology; Astronomy, Snell's Olmsted.

Orations and Forensic Discussions throughout the year.

SENIOR YEAR.

First Term—Mental Philosophy, Porter; Logic, Fowler's Inductive Logic, Lectures; Natural Theology, Butler's Analogy. Orations and Extempore Discussions.

Second Term—Mental Philosophy, Porter; Political Philosophy, Constitution of the United States, International Law, Woolsey, Political Economy, Mill; Higher Physiology, Lectures. Orations and Extempore Discussions.

Third Term—Moral Philosophy, Fairchild;

Æsthetics, Bascom; Evidences of Christianity, Hopkins; History, Lectures on the Philosophy of History.

NORMAL COURSE—FIRST YEAR.

First Term—Latin, as in Senior Preparatory Year, Sc., Natural Science, Physiology; Mathematics, Higher Algebra.

Second Term—Latin, as in Senior Preparatory Year, Sc.; Natural Science, Physical Geography; Mathematics, Higher Algebra.

Third Term—Latin, as in Senior Preparatory Year, Sc; Natural Science, Botany, Wood; Rhetoric, Hart

Essays and Declamations throughout the year.

SECOND YEAR.

First Term—Language, Latin as in Freshman Year, Sc., French or German; Natural Science, Zoology; Mathematics, Algebra finished; Elocution, Mitchell.

Second Term—Language, Latin as in Freshman Year, Sc., French or German; Astronomy, Burritt; Mathematics, Geometry begun; Elocution, Mitchell.

Third Term—Language, Latin as in Freshman Year, Sc., French or German; Rhetoric, Art of Discourse, Day; Mathematics, Geometry finished; Elocution, Mitchell.

Essays and Declamations throughout the year.

THIRD YEAR.

First Term—Mental Philosophy, Porter; Logic, Fowler's Inductive Logic, Lectures; Natural Science, Inorganic Chemistry. Orations and Extempore Discussions.

Second Term—Mental Philosophy, Porter; Political Philosophy, Political Economy, Mill; Natural Science, Inorganic Chemistry, Organic Chemistry; Higher Physiology, Lectures. Orations and Extempore Discussions.

Third Year—Moral Philosophy, Fairchild; Aesthetics, Bascom; Evidences of Christianity, Hopkins; Natural Science, Mineralogy, Geology; History, Lectures on the Philosophy of History.

Classical Course. Preparatory Department. Scientific Course.

JUNIOR PREPARATORY YEAR.

First Term—Latin, Reader, Grammar, Prose Composition; History of Rome, Smith; Mathematics, Arithmetic finished; History of the United States, Scott.

Second Term—Latin, Reader, Grammar, Prose Composition; Science of Accounts, Bryant and Stratton; English Grammar, Analysis.

Third Term—Latin, Reader, Grammar, Prose

Composition ; Mathematics, Elementary Algebra ; Elementary Physics, Cooley.

MIDDLE PREPARATORY YEAR.

First Term—Latin, Cæsar ; Greek, Grammar, Lessons ; Natural Science, Physiology.

Second Term—Latin, Cicero's Orations ; Greek, Grammar, Lessons ; Natural Science, Physical Geography.

Third Term—Latin, Cicero's Orations ; Greek, Grammar, Lessons, Reader ; History, Student's Hume.

Latin Prose Composition throughout the year.

SENIOR PREPARATORY YEAR.

First Term—Latin, Virgil ; Greek, Reader, Testament ; Mathematics, Higher Algebra.

Second Term—Latin, Virgil ; Greek, Reader, Testament ; Mathematics, Higher Algebra.

Third Term—Latin, De Senectute ; Greek, Reader, Testament ; Rhetoric, Hart.

Latin and Greek Prose Compositions throughout the year.

SENIOR PREPARATORY YEAR

First Term—Latin, Cæsar ; Natural Science, Physiology ; Mathematics, Higher Algebra.

Second Term—Latin, Cicero's Orations ; Natural

Science, Physical Geography; Mathematics, Higher Algebra.

Third Term—Latin, Cicero's Orations; Rhetoric, Hart; History, Student's Hume.

Latin Prose Composition throughout the year.

NORMAL COURSE—PREPARATORY YEAR.

Same as in the Junior Preparatory Year of the two degree courses.

Robinson's Mathematical Series, Harkness' and Chase and Stuart's Latin Series, Hutchison's Physiology, Warren's Physical Geography, Youman's New Chemistry, and Dana's Geology, in addition to those specified in the courses, are authorized text-books of the College.

Essays and Declamations throughout each Preparatory Course.

Note—It will be observed that the Classical, Scientific, and Normal Preparatory Courses are respectively of three, two, and one year's duration.

DESIGN AND CHARACTER OF THE COLLEGE

It is the aim of this institution to furnish young men and women with a thorough mental and moral training. Instruction will be conducted on Christian principles, and it will be the aim of the instructors to have it pervaded with a strong and healthy religious influence. Education will be directed

with special reference to health, self-control, Christian character and usefulness in life.

Two liberal courses of study—the Classic and the Scientific—have been arranged, each extending over four years. The Normal Course is designed, not only for those who intend to teach, but also for those whose time and means do not allow them to get a liberal education.

The courses of study are open to students of both sexes. Ladies reside with the lady teachers in a separate building; but students of both sexes are instructed in the same classes, enjoy the same privileges, and may take the same degrees.

LECTURES.

Lectures will be given on Physiology, Chemistry, Mental and Moral Science, Logic and History. There will also be one lecture a week, throughout the year, on subjects of practical information to students.

EXAMINATIONS, DEGREES AND CERTIFICATES.

At the close of each term, each class in the College Department, is subjected to a thorough examination upon the studies of the term. In the Preparatory department, monthly examinations are held. The degree of Bachelor of Arts is conferred on those who have completed the Classical Course,

and the degree of Bachelor of Science upon those who have completed the Scientific. Graduates of the Classical Course, of three years standing, and of the Scientific Course of four years standing, who have been engaged in any literary or professional pursuit, and have sustained a good moral character, may, on application, receive the degree of Master of Arts. Students who complete the Normal Course, receive a certificate, but no diploma or degree. They take no part in the exercises of Commencement day, but their names are publicly announced by the President on that occasion.

LIBRARY, CABINET AND APPARATUS.

The College Library contains over three thousand volumes, and is constantly increasing. The Cabinet is furnished with a valuable collection of Minerals, which has now been permanently located and arranged. The Chemical Department is provided with Laboratory and Lecture Room, and there is considerable apparatus for the illustration of the other Physical Sciences.

LITERARY SOCIETIES.

The three Literary Societies—the Ecolian, Hermean and Lincolnian—afford their members abundant means of voluntary improvement. These societies have each a well furnished hall.

THE JAMES FUND.

For the Encouragement of English Composition.

The interest of a fund of \$1,000, given by Mrs. John W. James, of Boston, for this special purpose, will be annually appropriated, by the direction of the faculty, to the four students in College classes, who during the year, have made most improvement in English Composition.

REGULATIONS.

The regulations of the College are few and simple, and designed to cultivate manliness and self-respect, by placing the students largely upon his honor and personal responsibility. Students attend public worship in some church regularly twice on the Sabbath. Punctual attendance on all prescribed exercises, and cheerful observance of the rules are required. Study hours must be spent in study. Students are expected to be exemplary in morals and manners. None but those who earnestly desire improvement are wanted here, and such as continue to be disorderly or idle cannot be allowed to remain. Students will be admitted at any time, but it is very important that they should enter promptly at the beginning of the term, and remain until the close of examinations. Excuses from recitations will not be given except for sickness or

unusual causes. Unless it is strictly necessary, students will not be allowed to make visits home or elsewhere, if their absence would include the time of recitation. Even when no recitation is lost, such visits are highly detrimental to a student's progress, and should be discouraged. Parents are requested to make their arrangements accordingly. No student is permitted to visit the room of a student of the other sex, except by special permission in case of severe sickness.

The College Registrar will send to parents or guardians a monthly report of the scholarship and deportment of each student in the Preparatory Department.

EXPENSES,

Tuition in any College Studies, \$8.00 a Term.

Tuition in Preparatory Studies, 7.00 “

Drawing, - - - 3.00 “

Room Rent, - - - 3.00 “

Incidentals, - - - 2.00 “

Board in the Hall with Teachers, 2.50 a week.

There are no extra charges. French and German are included in the above. Instruction in vocal music is free. Washing is done at very low rates. Students furnish their own fire and lights.

All charges payable in advance.

About two hundred students may have rooms and board in the College Buildings. Several of the teachers reside there and board at the same table with the students. The middle building is exclusively for ladies. Board may be had in private families at reasonable rates.

MANUAL LABOR.

Young ladies who wish, may assist in the domestic department, and thus pay in part for their board. None are required to render any domestic service, and none are allowed to work more than two hours a day, except in special cases. Those who expect such employment, must apply for it before coming. Young men who need it, may generally find remunerative employment for an hour or two a day, but the College does not agree to furnish it. Those who are in earnest for an education, and have tact in helping themselves, need not be deterred for want of means. Those who are needy, if they are faithful in working with both head and hands, will here receive all possible encouragement, and may earn a considerable part of their support. But parents should consider that a good education is always worth more than it costs; and that money well expended in it is the wisest investment for their children.

Dutiful students should never be required, except by necessity, to earn their own support, or any considerable part of it, while getting their education.

OUTFIT.

The rooms in the College Buildings are furnished with stove, bedstead, wash-stand, table, and plain chairs. Other furniture—bed, bedding, lamp, curtains, etc.,—is supplied by the student. A carpet, even if it be a small one, a table-spread, and everything that contributes to the comfort and pleasantness of a room, should be brought, if possible, from home. The beneficial influence upon the student's manners, of surrounding him in his room with all that makes home cheerful and attractive, can hardly be over-estimated. Every student should be provided with table-napkins, an umbrella, overshoes, and plenty of warm underclothing.

LOCATION AND BUILDINGS.

Ripon is reached by the Chicago and Northwestern and Milwaukee and St. Paul, and the Sheboygan and Fond du Lac Railways. It is one of the most attractive places in the State. The scenery is pleasant and the climate healthful. The grounds occupied by the institution are beautifully

located, commanding extensive views of the surrounding country. The College has three large stone buildings, three stories high. These afford ample room for the purposes of instruction; also for Chapel, Cabinet, Laboratory, Library, Literary Societies, Reading Room, Boarding Hall, and residence for teachers and students. The buildings were thoroughly repaired and renovated one year ago, and very great improvements made, especially in the ladies' building.

GROWTH AND WANTS.

The progress of the College has been very encouraging. All the departments of instruction are now well organized and filled with permanent instructors. During the past year, besides the improvement of the building, valuable additions have been made to the Library and Cabinet. The Endowment Subscription has reached nearly \$45,000, of which about \$35,000 is paid in and well invested.

But it is evident that the work of the College, important and useful as it is already, is only fairly begun. Its usefulness and growth are now limited only by want of means adequate to its work. Hitherto, with severe economy, and great sacrifice from its teachers, it has been sustained almost

wholly on its receipts from tuition. Nothing contributed to it has been used in current expenses or in raising money, and it is not proposed to use any gift for these purposes. But the work which the College is now doing requires that its endowment fund should be raised to \$100,000. The library should be largely increased immediately, and there is much need of apparatus, and of additions to the Cabinet. The friends of the College and of liberal education generally, are invited to contribute to these objects. Their donations will be used most advantageously in the present work of instruction, and in building up a strong and permanent institution for liberal culture.

MUSICAL DEPARTMENT.

The object of this department is to give thorough instruction in playing the Piano-forte, in Solo and Chorus Singing, and Harmony and Higher Musical Theory, including Counterpoint and the elements of Form and Composition. Its instructors will also seek to develop in their pupils a sound and healthy musical taste.

The course of study is divided into two parts, Preparatory and Advanced.

PREPARATORY COURSE.

In this course the student will become familiar

with the staff, clefs, notes, rests, dynamic signs, and all that belongs to musical notation; also with the different intervals, the major, minor and chromatic scales. They will be exercised thoroughly in transposition, and will become familiar with the chords of the major and minor scales, so as to be able to commence the study of Harmony in the Advanced Course with the connection of chords. They will also pursue the study of Form sufficiently to distinguish readily phrases, sections, and periods, and to analyze the common Song-forms.

In Piano-playing they will acquire a good finger action, touch, and facility and ease of execution. They will also become familiar with the principles of fingering as applied to all classes of passages. They will devote one lesson a week for three terms to the study of church music, using either piano or cabinet organ for this purpose. Those whose voices admit of training will be required to spend at least three full terms in the study of vocal culture.

The following studies belong to this course: Plaidy's Technical Studies; Brunner, Op. 23; Lemoine, Op. 37; Bertini, Op. 100; Huenten, Op. 80; Bertini, Op. 29 and 32; Czerny, Op. 636, Op. 718, Op. 817; Krause, Op. 2; Heller, Op. 47,

and parts of Op. 45 and Op. 46. Compositions : Jacob Schmitt, 6 Sonatines, Op. 207 ; Clementi, Op. 36, 6 Sonatines ; Kuhlau, Op. 55 and Op. 59, Sonatines ; Schumann's Album, Op. 68 ; and such other selections as may be deemed best adapted to promote the musical progress of the pupil.

In vocal culture Mason's Solfeggios will be used, with technical exercises and songs selected from the best authors.

The time occupied with this course will vary with the ability and diligence of the pupils, and the time they are able to devote to daily study and practice. Those who complete this course satisfactorily will be admitted to the Advanced Course, and will receive a testimonial stating their musical attainments in full.

ADVANCED COURSE.

The course will comprise two years of practical and theoretical instruction. The study of the Piano-forte will be continued through the entire course, and the study of vocal culture at least one year, except in cases where inability to sing renders such study impossible.

The theoretical study will be as follows : First year, Harmony and Part writing, Elements of Form and Analysis. Second Year, Harmony

continued, Counterpoint, Analysis, Form and Composition.

CLASS INSTRUCTION.

The instruction in Piano-playing and Vocal Culture will be given in classes of three, and the theoretical instruction in classes of six pupils each, the classes receiving three lessons per week. The class system has many advantages over private instruction; it has been thoroughly tested and is used in all the Musical Conservatories of Europe and America.

CHORUS SINGING.

There are two singing classes, free to the pupils of all departments of the College. Those who are found competent to sing somewhat difficult music, will be presented for admission to the Mendelssohn Society, a choral society under the direction of the Professor of Music of the College, whose object is the study and performance of the best choral works of the best masters. Pupils are required to attend one or more of these singing classes unless excused.

ATTENDANCE, &C.

The terms will commence with the regular College terms. The pupils are expected to begin promptly with the term and continue to the end,

attending punctually all the lessons, and making full use of all the hours assigned for practice. The teacher cannot make up lessons lost through absence of the pupil, even when such absence was excused. Pupils must receive all the lessons in each term which the teachers stand prepared to give, or bear the loss themselves. Exceptions can only be made in cases of several weeks' illness, or other equally unavoidable contingencies, in which case lessons will be made up, or if that is for any reason impossible, a portion of the tuition will be refunded.

TUITION AND OTHER EXPENSES.

All bills for tuition, piano rent, etc., are due in advance. No deduction is made for temporary absence, except in case of several weeks' illness.

Music can be obtained at twenty-five per cent. discount from retail prices. Pianos can be rented at from three to four dollars per quarter, one hour a day.

Board may be had in the college at \$2.50 a week; or in private families at very reasonable rates. The following are the rates of tuition:

Piano, or vocal culture, in classes, term of 14 weeks,	\$14 00
“ “ “ “ “ 13 “ -	13 00
“ “ “ “ “ 12 “ -	12 00

Theory, half the above rates. Private lessons \$1.00 per hour.

Applications for admission to the Musical Department, or for further information should be addressed to John C. Fillmore, Professor of Music.

Application for admission to the Ladies' Department, should be made to Miss Kate A. Bushnell, Principle.

Other applications may be made to the Secretary of the faculty, or to Prest. W. E. Merriman.

ALUMNI OF THE COLLEGE.

Class of 1867—Luthera H. Adams, B. A. (M. A., 1870), Teacher, Ripon; Harriet H. Brown, B. S., Teacher, Fond du Lac; Mary F. Spencer (Thayer), B. S., Missionary, Aintab, Syria; Susan A. W. Salisbury, B. S., died at sea, October, 1871; 4.

Class of 1868—A. Jerome Chittenden, Theological Student, Andover, Mass.; Emily S. Cook, Government Clerk, White Earth, Minn.; George C. Duffie, B. A., Editor, Ripon; Lyman B. Everdell, B. A., Teacher; Myron W. Pinkerton, B. A. (B. D., Chicago Theological Seminary, 1871; Rev., 1871), Missionary, Umtwalumi, South Africa; J. Horace Tracy, B. A. (M. D., University of the City of New York, 1870), Physician, Fond du Lac; 6.

Class of 1869—Caroline D. Chittenden, B. S., Teacher, Brooklyn, New York; Isabella S. Cragin,

B. S., Teacher, Brooklyn, New York ; George M. Steele, B. S. (M. D., College Physicians and Surgeons, 1871), Physician, Oshkosh ; 3.

Class of 1870—Daniel De Loss Bathrick, B. S., Clerk, Chicago, Illinois ; Josiah B. Blakely, B. A., Clergyman, Neenah ; Eunice E. Durand, B. S., Teacher, Chester Cross Roads, Ohio ; William Sylvester Holt, Missionary, China ; Ella E. Mapes, B. S., Ripon ; Rosa E. Olds (Bristoll), B. S., Teacher, Ripon ; Annah M. Smith, B. S., Teacher, Plymouth ; 7.

Class of 1871—Jas A. Blanchard, B. A., Lawyer, New York City ; James H. Bradish, B. A., Lawyer, New York City ; Joseph B. Davies, B. S., Teacher, Fox Lake ; John T. Evans, B. A., Chemist, California ; Moritz E. Eversz, B. A., Theological Student, Oberlin, Ohio ; Sarah E. Powers, B. A., London, England ; Albert F. Rust, B. A., Clerk, Fond du Lac ; Charles H. Yeomans, B. A., Lawyer, Onargo, Illinois ; 8.

Class of 1872—John W. Allen, Jr., B. A., Civil Engineer, Ripon ; James M. Brush, B. A., Teacher, Brushville ; Frank I. Fisher, B. A., Law Student, Chicago, Illinois ; Sarah E. Scribner, B. S., Teacher, Ripon ; Martha A. Shepard, B. S., Teacher, Mankato, Minnesota ; Margaret B. Shoemaker, B. S.,

Teacher, Grand Rapids; Harmon M. Wilcox, B. S., Teacher, Sioux City, Iowa; 7.

Class of 1873—Henry S. Akin, B. A., Ripon; Horatio A. Brooks, B. S., Dartford; Sarah F. Combs, B. S., Ripon; Rowland S. Cross, B. A., Bloomer; Ida Elwell, B. S., West Salem; William Foulkes, B. A., Oshkosh; Oscar E. Hanson, B. S., Nebraska; Marietta Hunter, B. S., Welaunee; Harriet A. Johnson, B. S., Fond du Lac; Henry B. Miter, B. A., Beaver Dam; Charles M. Pond, B. S., Brandon; Jesse F. Taintor, B. A., Milwaukee; 12.



DEDICATION.

To you whose names are hereunto set, I dedicate this book. You who have so kindly lent me the aid to publish it, by giving me your names before you saw the work, I shall hold in grateful remembrance, and shall teach my children after me to cherish your memory. It has been through such continued encouragement and applause that we have built up so beautiful a city as your Ripon. Keep her as she is—the pattern little city of the West. Keep up all her institutions, and add to her as you shall see, in her future, what she may need. And if, when the opportunity presents itself, you neglect to do your duty to yourselves and to posterity, to God and to your country, I shall have one consolation left—that while I was with you, I labored with a healthy and sanguine constitution to bring about your present prosperity. But if you neglect to do all this, and I live, I shall often remind you of your duty. If not, let this do it when I am gone.

DAVID P. MAPES.

	COPIES.		COPIES.
David Greenway,.....	3	A. M. Skeils,.....	2
J. B. Barlow,.....	2	Samuel Salsbury,.....	1
J. B. Morey,.....	2	S. Wood,.....	1
John Haas,.....	1	John Kingsbury,.....	1
G. L. Field,.....	1	Julian Rivers,.....	1
E. Manville,.....	1	A. E. Bovay,.....	5
E. P. Brockway,.....	2	Josiah Rogers,.....	1
S. L. Whitney,.....	1	J. M. Dakin,.....	1
Dan Furnace,.....	1	C. B. Heart,.....	1
E. B. Soule,.....	1	C. Taylor,.....	1
J. B. Vliet,.....	1	Deacon Mills,.....	1
J. H. Brooks,.....	1	C. B. Seward,.....	1
F. Richmuth,.....	1	L. Graf,.....	1
A. S. Jelliff,.....	1	Wm. Bayley,.....	1
Charles Combs,.....	1	Almon Osborn,.....	1
George Goodfellow,.....	1	Anson Kellogg,.....	1
L. M. Carlile,.....	1	P. M. Potter,.....	1
W. T. Iris,.....	1	Charles Rice,.....	1
James Stevens,.....	1	P. C. Brown,.....	1
Dan Cross,.....	1	Frank Corlis,.....	1
Albert Walker,.....	1	A. Bishop,.....	1
Captain Marshall,.....	1	Steven Brown,.....	1
H. Bryyer,.....	1	Norman Miller,.....	2
Robert Mason,.....	1	Jacob Wooruff,.....	1
Captain Placker,.....	1	Volney C. Mason,.....	1
Albert Rolfe,.....	1	Joseph Kingsbury,.....	1
Hiram Turner,.....	1	H. Leach,.....	1
L. Allen,.....	1	George Riggs,.....	1
Wm. Trainor,.....	1	I. Hoosen,.....	1
H. Dugnen,.....	1	O. R. Borloom,.....	1

COPIES.

COPIES.

H. Dodge,	1	Ed. Reynolds,	1
Albert Long,	1	Rud Clark,	1
Timothy Hays,	1	J. E. Mason,	1
C. Clyford,	1	Armin Pickett,	1
George E. Bushnell,	1	M. Weisgaber,	1
Zobel Brothers,	1	J. Wheeler,	1
Levi Morton,	1	Andrew Wilson,	1
W. O. Hargrave,	1	Robert Sheldon,	1
Edward Martell,	1	John Tygart,	1
P. Burk,	1	S. W. Dodge,	1
S. A. Coe,	1	Fred England,	1
J. Corbit,	1	D. E. Haywood,	1
John Taylor,	1	Frank Grant,	1
James Meigher,	1	—— Ingersoll,	1
J. Tombs,	1	Wm. H. Folsom,	1
James Knight,	1	C. R. Hamlin,	1
Peter Lambert,	1	Thos. Ford,	1
Charles Lawson,	1	Gaylord & Sons,	1
William Starr,	1	G. Stocking,	1
A. Whitmore,	1	W. H. Dakin,	2
Daniel Eggleston,	1	A. T. Glaze,	1
F. Nohl, Sen.,	1	O. I. Wolcott,	1
Wm. Simpson,	1	David Fowler,	1
Mrs. Peck,	1	Wm. Mason,	1
Wm. E. Merriman,	1	A. A. Loper,	1
A. C. Nye,	1	A. C. Gibbs,	1
B. F. Beebe, per Mitchell, .	1	C. F. Hammond,	1
Emery Lawson,	1	M. H. Powers,	1
Jacob Carter,	1	Mr. Allen, per son,	1
Asa Hill,	1	Ezekiel Babcock,	1

COPIES.		COPIES.	
Arthur Wilson,	1	J. N. Foster,	1
—— Baldwin,	1	O. R. Ellis,	1
G. H. Light,	1	Henry Pritchett,	1
Sanford Erye,	1	Elder Sabin,	1
J. C. Oakes,	1	J. B. Shaw,	1
Joseph Shiker,	1	Wm. Salsbury,	1
E. L. Northrop,	2	Jehdeiah Bowen,	5 ✓
B. H. Phelps,	1	Delano & Cooley,	1
Frank Horner,	1	Samuel McAssey,	1
Soterlee Clark,	1	George W. Mitchell,	1
H. Town,	1	J. W. Walcott,	1
D. Hunter,	1	D. W. Akin,	1 ✓
Hayen Hill,	1	L. Nohl,	1
F. Lulke,	1	Byron Kingsbury,	1
C. Pinney,	1	C. Wheeler,	1
A. W. Pettibone,	1	C. Parker,	1
Norman Mason,	1	E. P. West,	2
Samuel Sumner,	1	H. Wolcott,	1
H. C. Bateman,	1	D. P. Impson,	1
C. Dunham,	1	G. N. Barnum,	1
Levi Blossom,	1	W. W. Robinson,	1
D. R. Bean,	1	John Scott,	1
James Clancey,	1	H. T. Hinton,	1
F. McArthur,	1	A. Foot,	1
C. & S. Knapp,	1	W. Hargrave,	1
Ned Stollard,	1	Thos. McConnell,	1
Doctor Robinson,	1	Richard Harris,	1
John McCabe,	1	Theodore Neilson,	1
Mich. Lyman,	1	Doctor Eggleston,	1
G. W. Trask,	1	John White,	1

COPIES.		COPIES.	
Spencer Whiting,.....	1	J. W. Edwards,.....	1
C. Faustman,.....	1	Deacon Brown,.....	1
Joseph Hanley,.....	1	C. T. Shephard,.....	1
Gabriel Bouck,.....	1	Rev. G. W. Matthews,....	1
E. M. Hearney,.....	1	Ed. Smith,.....	1
H. Crosswell.....	1	James Thomas,.....	1
R. McDonald,.....	1	W. T. Whiting,.....	1
Jackson Walker,.....	1	Jason C. Russell,.....	1
J. Dobbs,.....	5	Caleb Shephard,.....	1
Jacob Enos,.....	1	Doctor Barnes,.....	1
Ed. Wilson,.....	1	Richard Catlin,.....	1
J. Lockwood,.....	1	C. Bennett,.....	1
——— Hawley,.....	1	C. F. Dodge,.....	1
Thos. Harris,.....	1	A. B. Coe,.....	1
Atkins, Steele & White,...	1	J. D. Rush,.....	1
O. P. Reed,.....	1	John B. Martin,.....	1
Marcellus Pedrick,.....	1	I. Merrills,....	1
W. Wardwell,.....	1	Adolphus King,.....	1
Scott McDole,.....	1	J. C. Cooper,.....	1
D. I. Turner,.....	1	J. Sechnell,.....	1
Alpeus Tucker,.....	1	Wm. Catin,.....	1
George L. Marsall,.....	1	R. C. Kelley,.....	1
C. A. Sweete,.....	1	J. Thacher,.....	1
Alex. Martin,.....	1	Eben Basstt,.....	1
D. L. Harkness,.....	1		

68-72

Deacidified using the Bookkeeper process
Neutralizing Agent: Magnesium Oxide
Treatment Date:



PRESERVATION TECHNOLOGIES, L.

111 Thomson Park Drive
Cranberry Township, PA 16066
(724) 779-2111

N-5



JAN 79



N. MANCHESTER,
INDIANA 46962

LIBRARY OF CONGRESS



0 005 376 986 A